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THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

BY J. M.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
'Twas fought by mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with the eloquent word or thought
From mouth of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently, bore her part—
Lo, there is the battle field!

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But, oh, these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

The Cedar's Mystery.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LUCKY ESCAPE!" "JIM HARVEY'S REVENGE," "JUST MY LUCK!" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

NOT even the servants at the Hall suspected that anything was wrong with the thin gray-haired man who had come home early in the morning with their master.

Mr. Passy told his butler that, by means of information which the stranger had furnished, the bank had been able to recover their property. Late in the evening Gerald and the stranger drove down to the junction at Cheniston, fourteen miles from Hazelwood, and there met a lady who had arrived by train.

"The lady and master and the old gent went off together, but I didn't see the lady's face, and I don't know the young chap with her. Master took one return and two singles for Liverpool, and if you asked till to morrow I couldn't tell you anything more," said the groom who had accompanied his master and the stranger.

Of course the newspapers were full of the mysterious recovery of the property of the bank, and Mr. Redwood's name was cleared of all imputations against it. The directors stated that they declined to give any information, as full restoration had been made and the delinquent was now beyond the reach of earthly vengeance—a sentence the wording of which conveyed a general impression that he was dead, and that, for the sake of his family, silence was to be observed.

Gerald returned to Woodthorpe for two days, and then started for Scotland. Dick Greyson was with him for some hours on the morning of his departure.

"I shall have four thousand pounds when I am of age," Dick said, "which I shall pay over to you, but as to the other seven thousand——"

"What are you talking about?" Gerald interrupted impatiently. "You owe me nothing. I have paid eleven thousand pounds to recover about sixty thousand, and a very good bargain I consider it, especially as I have also had the opportunity of saving my mother's dearest friend considerable pain and annoyance. What is the use of having money if you cannot purchase a little comfort and happiness with it for yourself and others? I consider that eleven thousand very well invested, and we won't talk of it any more, dear boy."

Life at the Cedars once more settled down to the old quiet routine, and Hazelwood itself seemed to be under a cloud, as almost every one was away. Mrs. Greyson and Jo remained at home with the exception of one week spent in town, when Dick went up to prosecute his medical studies.

When Jo and Mrs. Greyson returned to the Cedars, there was for a time a sense of loneliness that was absolutely depressing.

"We must read, dear, and keep up our music and singing and 'improve our minds,' which our old friend Punch said was the only thing left for the ladies to do when sewing-machines were invented. Then there are always Dick's letters and the prospect of seeing him at Christmas, it only for a few days."

But Christmas with the Manor House shut up and its master away, was a dreary prospect to Jo.

Gerald was to return at Easter, and Dick was coming home for a few days—only from the Thursday to the following Tuesday morning. But even that was some thing to look forward to and be thankful for.

Dick duly arrived, but there was no news yet of Gerald, and the big old-fashioned square pew in the village church was empty on Good Friday morning.

Early on Saturday the gardener from the Hall sent over a large basket of Eucharis and Bermuda lilies to the Cedars.

"Master had ordered them for Miss Greyson, who would want them for the chuch."

"How thoughtful of him!" remarked Jo. "I was wondering how the pulpit was to be managed. Come with me, Dick; I promised to be there by eleven o'clock."

"We left the pulpit for you," exclaimed Katie Barnes as they entered. "Bessie vowed no one else should touch it unless you refused. Oh, do try to keep some of those lilies for the font, Jo! You can't possibly use them all."

"Isn't it a pity Mr. Passy is not here to see them?" inquired Bessie Burbridge. "We miss him so, for no one does so much for the parish as he does."

"It is a pity he was away through all that bitter weather," returned Jo.

"You don't suppose he forgot us, do you?" cried Bessie indignantly. "He has not neglected a single thing. I do wish there were more rich people like him. There is not a village so well off as Hazelwood for twenty miles round. Each poor family had its ton of coals as soon as the winter began, and this year he sent a thousand pounds to father, asking him to see that no one wanted warm clothing or fuel through all that dreadful time. There's only one thing that annoys father—Mr. Passy will not look over the accounts and does not like to be thanked. One would imagine from his manner that he was being accused of an injustice instead of his kindness being recognized. Oh, dear, I wish he were home again! Yes, I'll come and arrange the pots;" and Bessie hurried away to superintend the grouping of palms and poinsettias in the chancel.

Jo bent over her lilies to hide the tears of pleasure in her eyes. She was glad to hear the praises of Gerald sounded, but there was also a little feeling of mortification that she should have known nothing of the extent of his charity—that he should never have told her even when she had railed at him for wasted opportunities at the time his money was supposed to be irretrievably lost.

"How much pleasanter it was when we were children," she thought—"when Dick and I went to him in every trouble, and there was such perfect confidence between us!"

"Then came an uneasy misgiving that the "confidence," like the "reciprocity" in the story, had been all on one side. Gerald was so much older than either of them, and they seemed to have been drifting farther and farther apart ever since Adeline had arrived upon the scene. Now he would probably come home and address her as "Miss Greyson," and the old friendship would change into polite friendliness.

All this time Jo had been perched up on a ladder, putting finishing touches to her work.

"It does look nice," she thought complacently. "I wish Dick were here to hand me up a few more sprays of that fern!"

A movement below attracted her attention.

"Is that you, Dick?" she asked, looking down at the top of a dark head. "Do give me some more fern, there's a dear boy!"

Her request was complied with, and she stooped and took the fern without looking down again.

"Will it do?" she inquired. "I can't see the general effect from here. There! That spray of ivy is loose again, and I've fastened it three times already."

"Take care—you'll overbalance!" came a warning cry; but it was too late. Jo had fallen, and, but for the arms outstretched to save her, she might have been seriously hurt.

"Of course it is my fault you fell," Gerald observed, laughing. "I hope you are not hurt?"

"Not at all, thanks to you. But why should it be your fault that I fell? When did you return? Have you been here long?" cried Jo, in a breath.

"One question at a time, please. I remember it always was my fault or Dick's when anything went wrong with you. Your brother sometimes dared to protest that he was not to blame, but I always apologized meekly. I returned home an hour ago, and I have arrived here."

"And the first thing you do is to remind me of the sins of my youth!" laughed Jo gaily. "As to your apologizing meekly, I am sure you never did. I can't imagine you looking meek. Thank you very much for the ferns and lilies; but I want you to get up and secure that ivy. The fact is I really can't reach it."

"You command, I obey, as usual," replied Gerald, with an air of submission; and after a few minutes the ivy was duly made fast.

"Are you going to remain here all day?" the young Squire inquired, returning to Jo's side, when he had exchanged greetings with the others.

"No—Dick and I are going home to luncheon now. Will you come? Mother would be pleased to see you."

"I was going to ask if I might," Gerald answered; and, Dick soon joining them, they walked together to the Cedars.

"If this glorious spring weather would only last, we might have an old-fashioned May Day," Mr. Passy observed, when luncheon was over. "I don't think half enough amusement comes into the lives of our laboring classes. In the present day people are too apt to think that gossiping over the garden wall is festivity enough for the women, and drinking and smoking at the public-house are excitement enough for the men. I'd like to change all that."

"Suppose you try, then," said Dick. "I don't wonder that they are discontented sometimes with the dull dead-level of their lives."

"I will try; and I only wish you were here to help me, Dick!"

"There's Jo. She always knew better than both of us put together," laughed Dick.

"It is too bad!" cried Jo, coloring deeply. "You seem to have conspired between you to let me know my faults."

"We didn't know you had any," remarked Gerald politely.

"You never acknowledged them anyhow—did you, dear?"

"Come—that's not fair! Jo couldn't acknowledge them if they didn't exist," said Mr. Passy emphatically; "and I am ready to declare that I never saw them, and challenge any one who contradicts me!"

"That being the case, I give in," said Dick.

"The praise is almost more embarrassing than the censure," Mrs. Greyson observed, coming to the rescue. "Let us go back to our muttons'—that is, the question of May Day. There is not much time to prepare, Jerry."

"We have three weeks, Mrs. Greyson, and in that time we could surely teach a dezen young people the maypole dance, and arrange the procession of the May Queen. They can manage the greasy pole, the pig catching, the races, and all the rest of it without preparation."

"There's very little time," said Mrs. Greyson gravely. "Your dancers must be dressed in proper costume, Jerry. You can't have them in holland aprons and corduroy."

"No—I suppose not. But I could get them all pretty cambrics or ginghams or whatever you ladies call those things—pink and white and blue, you know—that would look pretty on the day and be useful afterwards; while the men could easily be provided with gray knickerbocker suits, blue stockings, and big shoe-buckles. I want the fun to be part of their lives, you know—not a thing that seems to have come into it by accident."

"We will do our best to help you," Mrs. Greyson assured him. "I think it is a very good idea of yours to bring some brightness into their dull lives."

"Do you like the notion?" Gerald asked, turning to Jo, who had remained very silent.

"Very much indeed, and shall be glad to do my best to help."

"That's settled, then. We'll beat up the dancers on Monday; and, Mrs. Greyson, you must kindly see to the girls' frocks on Tuesday for me if you will. Get or order all that is requisite, please, and send the bills in to me."

Before the week was over, every dressmaker or needlewoman in the village was busy upon the dainty gowns, and Mrs. Greyson and Jo were making piles of pretty mob-caps for the Mayers.

Happily May Day dawned bright and fair. Early in the morning the long streamers of ribbon and the crown of evergreens were affixed to the pole, Macbean, the old Scotch gardener from the Hall, himself superintending the operation.

He had the greatest regard and respect for Miss Greyson, who had won his heart years before when she used to assist the dead-and-gone mistress of the Manor in the care of her favorite flowers.

Jo's delight was complete, for Dick had come down by the early train.

"I am so glad! How did you manage to get leave, dear?" his sister asked. "We feared you would not come."

"Oh, I managed all right enough! I asked leave of the Professor, and told him I didn't want to bury my mother."

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Greyson.

"I told him I did not want to bury my mother," repeated Dick deliberately. "One of our chaps always has a funeral to attend when anything special is on. The Professor thought he'd caught him once when he asked a second time for leave to attend his grandmother's funeral. 'I thought the old lady died six months ago?' remarked the

boss. 'That was my father's mother, sir,' said Jackson respectfully; and he got leave. So he only laughed at me and told me I might go."

Soon after eleven o'clock the Manor park began to fill, and by twelve every one had arrived. The Mayers, ranged in processional order, with the throne-bearers in their midst, only awaited the choosing of their queen, when, to the astonishment of all assembled, Macbean led forward his little granddaughter, a tiny dot of two years old, attired as a fairy with gauze wings, and bearing a crown of white flowers.

"I am to choose—I am to choose!" cried the little golden haired creature; and, to Jo's utter dismay, the child came to her, and, bending on one knee, laid the crown at her feet.

"Oh, no, dear—no! You've made a mistake!" exclaimed Jo, in great confusion.

"No," replied the little creature—"grandpa don't want no queen here but you—he says so," which statement, though true, was at least inaccurate, for Macbean's grammar was beyond reproach.

By this time the throne-bearers had advanced, and Jo found herself, to her utter bewilderment, seated, crowned and carried off, with the fairy perched on the arm of her throne.

Gerald walked beside Jo, bareheaded; and all bowed as she passed.

"Evidently an unrehearsed effect!" laughed Colonel Barnes.

"Of course it is," agreed the Vicar. "It is a pity she's so nervous, but if Mr. Passy had told her she would not have come"

Then began the maypole dance; and at its conclusion the villagers, bowing to the queen as they passed, went to the feast prepared for them in the large barn, where so many harvest-homes had been held; and Gerald, giving his arm to Jo, took her in to luncheon.

"I suppose I may take this crown off now?" she asked laughing rather nervously.

"You must put it on again when you give the prizes away after the sports, if you don't mind," Gerald replied, "or Macbean will be dreadfully offended."

So the crown was carried off to be sprinkled with water and kept in a cool corner till required.

"It ought to have been worn by one of the village girls," protested Jo.

"To fill the others with envy, malice and all uncharitableness? Certainly not!" declared Mr. Passy emphatically.

The day was warm and cloudless, and the sports were much enjoyed by both contestants and spectators. Before it was time to award the prizes, Jo had overcome her nervousness, and laughingly donned the crown without hesitation when the fairy a second time presented it.

The sports began at two and lasted till five. The tea came, and afterwards the band struck up "God save the Queen," and the villagers departed. Carriage after carriage rolled off bearing away the Squire's guests, Mrs. Greyson of course remaining the last, as she had, as on so many occasions, played the hostess for the son of her old friend.

"You must stop and take a quiet dinner with me," said Mr. Passy. "Please don't go yet."

So they remained, and he brought forth for their entertainment all the treasures he had collected during his winter tour. Among them were so many articles of feminine adornment—fans, furs, trinkets, et cætera—that Mrs. Greyson could not refrain from a little mild banter.

"When is the lady coming to take possession of all these treasures, Jerry?" she asked, smiling.

"Very soon, I hope," he answered gravely—"as soon as I can induce her to come."

"We shall be very glad. You will settle down then, won't you?" inquired Jo. "We have all missed you so much this winter."

"You are very kind to say so," he replied, with what Jo felt to be conventional politeness.

Soon after, when Gerald was engaged in pointing out the intricacies of some Oriental carvings to Mrs. Greyson, Jo made her escape into the conservatory, and, passing through it, found herself in the soft radiance of the young May moon.

Her head was aching, and she felt nervous and a little depressed also.

"I suppose it is the reaction after all that excitement," she thought; to which was added a little annoyance because she had been made conspicuous as May-Queen.

That people gossiped had dawned upon her at last, and she felt vexed knowing that this matter would certainly be discussed.

"Jerry should not have done it," she argued to herself; and the tears welled into her eyes. "The worst of it is, she is sure to hear of it, and be angry perhaps, or, worse still, disgusted."

Jo was leaning against the door-post, looking out across the park. The whole scene was very fair, very still, and the silence and the calm soothed her. So she remained motionless for a few moments.

"Well, it can't be helped. I'd better go back before they miss me," she said aloud; and, turning, found herself face to face with Gerald Passy.

"They have missed you," he remarked—"I have been looking for you. What can't be helped, Jo?"

"Only I was a little vexed at being made so conspicuous this morning—that is all," she returned, with a nervous little laugh, and would have passed him, but he caught her hands.

"I am very sorry you were annoyed," he replied. "Stay here a moment: I have something to tell you, Jo."

"Have you?" she queried, gently trying to withdraw her hands; but Gerald held them fast.

"You very kindly promised to put in a good word for me if you were introduced to a certain lady. Have I still your good opinion? May I claim your promise now?"

"Of course I will do my best with pleasure," she responded bravely; but he felt the hands he held grow very cold.

"Jo," he said hastily—"can't you see—don't you understand, dear? I have waited for you for years. I am of Macbean's opinion, as you are the only queen I want here. Will you come to me, Jo?"

She snatched her hands away with a sudden movement.

"Are you joking, Jerry? I don't understand," she cried hastily; and her face was very pale.

"There is no joke, Jo. I have loved you and waited for you for years. I went abroad because I was afraid of speaking too soon. You were such a mere girl last year. You are not much more now, dear, and I'll wait, if you wish it. Don't you care for me at all?"

"I have cared for you all my life," Jo admitted, letting him take her hands again.

"As a friend—yes, I know; but is it as a friend only, Jo?"

The girl's head drooped, and he bent over her.

"Is it as a friend only, dear Jo?" he repeated. Then she raised her face to his in the moonlight, and he saw her answer in her eyes.

* * * * * * *

"I have something for you," Gerald said to Jo on the eve of their wedding; and opening a morocco case he showed her his mother's diamonds. Upon them lay a scrap of paper, on which, in his mother's writing, were the words—"For my dear namesake, god-child, and daughter, Johanna Greyson, to wear on her wedding-day."

"Oh, Jerry, if you had changed your mind!" she exclaimed playfully, to hide the tears that would come into her eyes at the sight of her old friend's handwriting.

"You see I didn't change my mind," he observed tenderly. "My love was but a lassie when those words were written; but she is mine at last, and my waiting is over."

[THE END.]

Under Apple-Blossoms.

BY H. C.

"FOR ever?" An expression of awe stole into Netta Trevanion's violet eyes as she raised them to the bronzed face bending so earnestly over her own.

"Yes, for ever," repeated Oscar Vere, holding her trembling hands in his close grasp. "For ever, or not at all."

"But—but—don't be angry," blushing to the curls on her forehead. "You might change—men do, you know; and what would become of me?"

"Child, this apple-tree will turn into a palm, before my heart ever changes to you. Dearest, you must believe me."

And after one look into the honest brown eyes, her small head sank on his shoulder, and the last lingering doubt opened its wings and flew away.

Softly, one by one, the petals of the apple-blossom dropped on the girl's yellow hair; softly a brown thrush, on the bough of a wild rose, sang its song of joy to two happy hearts, lost in a dream of bliss. The song ceased, the sun sank, gray shadows crept slowly over the trees in the orchard; but the lovers missed neither sunshine nor song, and were blind to the clouds slowly gathering over their future.

There were tears in Netta's eyes, but smiles on her pretty lips, as she went swiftly over the dewy grass into the old ivy-covered porch of The Grange.

"What has happened?" said a cold harsh voice, and a hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Oh, I am so happy!" And forgetting everything but her wonderful pierce of news, she flung her arms round her cousin's neck. "Etta darling, he loves me!"

Etta's thin face colored like a sunset, and her lips drew close together; but Netta took it for granted that she must be glad, and did not wait for any congratulations.

* * * * * * *

Oscar Vere, on the contrary, was intensely surprised at his father's consenting to the match without any remonstrances, for the girl he had chosen might say that her sweet little face was her fortune, for she certainly had no other. Sir Edward, however, patted him on the arm in the kindest manner, sent him back to his regiment with his blessing, promising to arrange everything, and look after his bride in his absence.

Netta's letters were at first like constant gleams of sunshine in Captain Vere's daily life, but after awhile they became few and far between and at last ceased entirely.

He was vexed, but he told himself that there could be no cause for anxiety, as his father assured him that his bride was looking the picture of health, and happiness had made her blossom into beauty. As if Venus herself could have been lovelier than his own golden-haired Netta!

As many of the officers were absent on leave, Captain Vere was kept at his post, fretting with impatience, like a chained dog. It was not till the day before the wedding, that he was able to get away, and then, just as he was starting for The Grange, Sir Edward laughingly interfered, telling him that Mrs. Trevanion had expressly stipulated that the bride should be left to her own relations, on the last day of her spinsterhood.

"Confound it, that's too bad," he cried impatiently. "Netta will be looking for me, I know she will."

Sir Edward was slightly deaf, and did not catch the words; but he pulled out some papers, and covered the table with legal documents, which his son had to sign, kept himself well occupied for the rest of the evening.

"It was kind of Mrs. Trevanion to have the breakfast at The Grange," said Oscar, as he paused to light his cigar.

"I don't see very well how she could help it," and Sir Edward raised his eyebrows in surprise, "but put all that out of your head for a moment, if you can, or else you will be signing some of these things in the wrong place."

"Beverly doesn't arrive till to-morrow."

"Beverly be hanged! Put your name here, and for Heaven's sake don't make a mistake."

Oscar obeyed, writing his signature mechanically wherever he was told to put it: his thoughts straying to the morrow, when Netta's hand would lie in his, and her loving little heart be his own for ever. Only a few hours now without her, thank Heaven!

* * * * * * *

A cloudless morning, when Nature seemed to have put on her bravest garments to greet the wedding guests, as they streamed through the churchyard of Alverley, with the rustle of silks and satins, and a murmur of suppressed excitement.

The bridegroom was already at his post before the altar rail, with Major Beverly, his best man, close beside him, whispering ill-timed chaffy remarks into ears that were deaf to everything but the tread of a soft foot on the tesselated pavement.

Her face closely veiled in Brussels lace, long satin robes trailing far behind her, the bride came slowly up the aisle, leaning on her uncle's arm.

She took her place beside Oscar Vere, evidently trembling with emotion, whilst he looked down on the bent head, a mist before his eyes, a wild throbbing in his heart, as he thought that his prize was won.

He went through the service as in a dream, only startled into sudden consciousness when the clergyman said the words for him to repeat:

"I, Oscar, take thee, Henrietta." For the full name seemed so long and strange to him—never having thought of her as anything but Netta—his own little Netta.

The bride's responses were said so low that no one but the clergyman could hear them, and her hand shook so violently that the ring slipped on to the floor, before Oscar could put it on her finger. But at last it was over, and with a long-drawn sigh he rose from his knees to take his first kiss, knowing that nothing could part them now.

With reverent fingers he raised the lace veil, and stooped, an eager light in his eyes. The next moment he stepped back as if he had seen a ghost.

"Miss Trevanion!"

Sir Edward's hand was on his arm.

"My dear boy, are you mad?"

"Yes," he cried wildly, looking round with bewildered eyes. "There's some mistake—some horrible mistake!"

"Hush, for Heaven's sake! Come into the vestry," said Colonel Trevanion hurriedly, as consternation spread from face to face, and the bride looked as if she would sink through the floor.

"But my wife!" gasped the bridegroom, striking his forehead with his hand. "Where is she? I—I—can't see her."

"Don't be a fool!" said Sir Edward sternly, though his heart was sinking with fear. "You must be mad!"

Captain Vere drew himself to his full height, his face deathly pale, his lips quivering.

"Netta Trevanion is my wife! If this is a joke, I fail to see it."

"Oh, what is the meaning of it?" cried the mother, wringing her hands. "My poor child she'n't stay here to be insulted. Come away! Come away!"

She tried to lead the bride into the vestry, and Colonel Trevanion grasped the bridegroom's arm.

"If there is a mistake, Heaven help you, but Henrietta is your wife, and no one else."

Oscar looked from one to the other with distracted eyes; then, as he realized that he had been caught in a trap, out of which there was no way but death, that Netta was lost to him by his own act for ever, something seemed to give way in heart or brain, and he fell with a heavy thud across the flowers and the laces of the bride's train.

They lifted him up, and carried him into the vestry, whilst the guests slipped away in dismay and confusion. The bride was taken home by her mother, the bridegroom by his father, and the clergyman was left to ponder over the unsigned marriage register.

"It must be signed!" he said, with a shake of his head; but when he went up to the Hall the next day to see about it, he was told that Captain Vere had left the event g b fore, and nobody knew his present address.

And where had Oscar gone?

* * * * * * *

Prone on her face, in the long lush-grass, lay Netta Trevanion, hidden away in the corner of a field, which belonged to Lady Morton, an old friend of her poor dead mother's. Henrietta, with many lies, and one unproved forgery, had made her believe that her faithless lover had deserted her for the sake of her richer cousin, and, unable to bear the sight of the preparations for the wedding, she had fled to Devonshire, where she was welcomed with true affection.

As the weeks crawled by, her spirits sank lower and lower; but when the marriage-day came, she made a valiant struggle with her depression, and laughed and talked so brightly that Lady Morton fondly hoped that the wound was cured. She invited an eligible young man to stay with her, and smiled with pleasure when she saw him fall head over ears in love with her young protegee. But when Lord Carew ventured to hint at a proposal, Netta broke away from him like a frightened deer, and, running as fast as she could through a little wood, threw herself on the grass in an out-of-the-way nook, and sobbed as if her heart would break. The mere thought of love brought back her pain in all its bitterness, and young as she was, she prayed to Heaven to take her.

"Netta!"

That voice which she had never heard since they parted under the apple blossom. Was it a dream?

She started to her feet, and looked round with frightened eyes. The next moment she was clasped in a pair of strong arms, and pressed to a panting chest. One long passionate kiss, and then she broke away from him, her breast heaving, her eyes flashing.

"Go," she said, pointing to the path through the wood; "you have no right to be here."

"No right?" said Oscar hoarsely; "have you forgotten that day in the orchard?"

"No." Her lips trembled, her breath came fast. "You swore you would never change, and only three weeks later——"

"I never did—so help me, Heaven! It is all a base deception, darling; they've tried to part us, but they can't." He held out his hands in eager entreaty, but she drew back, though her throbbing heart bounded with joy.

"And you never married?" a new light in her eyes.

His lashes fell, his face clouded.

"Yes, I married;" then he added with a harsh laugh, "but we parted at the altar-rail, and I'll never look on her face again."

"And yet you come to me?" slowly, as if she did not understand.

"Of course I come to you; that marriage was a mockery, a wrong bride makes empty vows," and held out his arms again, earnest longing in his handsome face.

She drew back under the shade of an apple-tree, whose branches were drooping with the weight of its golden fruit, her face pale as death, and her heart as cold as ice.

"Good-bye," she said very gently, "we must never meet again."

"Netta, stay!" but she did not answer, as she slowly made her way through the long grass.

The victory was won, but not without a struggle, and her knees were shaking so that as soon as she was out of sight, she was glad to sink down on the stump of a tree, her white face buried in her hands.

There was a step on the grass, a servant had followed him from the house; handing him a telegram, he withdrew without a word.

Wondering that any one had found out his address he tore it open.

"From Sir Edward Vere to Oscar Vere, The Firs, near Chudleigh, Devon. Your wife is dead—an overdose of chloral—you had better come home."

He stood like one dazed. Had the unhappy woman killed herself in disappointment at his desertion? Heaven forbid!

A few minutes later he stood before Netta Trevanion, his face pale and very grave.

"I am free," he said hoarsely. "There is nothing between us now."

She looked up in his face with startled eyes.

"Yes, darling, soon I shall come back to *claim you for my own*—my very own."

He stooped and kissed her hair, then went away, whilst she sat still and trembled, half ashamed of the joy with which her heart was almost bursting. Another's stolen bliss had made her misery, and now from the clouds of another's sorrow, broke the sunshine of her joy.

HIS BATTLES.

THE house stood on the side of a hill and the front steps made an abrupt descent down the incline, toward the distant river, while the back door opened into a cellar dug out of the solid earth.

The only occupants of this cheerless place, which one would be loth to call a home, were a widow and her son. The icy hand of death had already begun to caress the mother. The sharp, dry cough that racked her shadowy form told too plainly the story of her suffering.

The sunset light was still illuminating the Western sky and shedding its brilliant reflection on the waters of the Missouri as John Millar walked slowly across the prairie toward the bluff where his mother's house clung to the dark soil like gray lichen to a rock. The sight that met his eyes was one that would have discouraged a strong man. The fall wind had blown the dried leaves from the cottonwood trees hither and thither, the tumbleweeds rolled over and over, chasing each other in endless journeys back and forth across the lonesome stretch of land. A few half-fledged chickens had already gone to roost on the woodpile near the door. On a line stretched between two posts hung a few patched garments flapping in the wind. Every feature of the place suggested discomfort and misery.

John was sixteen years old. Since he could remember everything had looked as it looked now. He could not recall a time when his mother had not coughed or when the house had not looked as if a family had just moved out. His father had gone West with his wife and baby when John was less than a year old, and the house that stood on the side hill now was the one that hardy Jacob Millar had built with his own hands—built, hoping and expecting that before five years were over he would own a thriving, well equipped farm. A half broken colt that he was riding to the village plunged, reared and threw him to the ground, then bounded riderless across the trackless prairie.

When they found Jacob Millar he was dead and the frail woman who had come to share her husband's lot in this distant land had no choice but to remain. Their original claim was rented to neighbors, and the little income therefrom kept the mother and child from absolute starvation.

Since John's eighth birthday he had attended the village school, and now as he was walking slowly home he was thinking over and over the words that had just been said to him by the head of an engineering party that was surveying a railroad through the country, and whose work he had stopped to watch. The opportunity he had longed for had come. He need not spend his life in that miserable dugout. There was a broader field opening before him. He could have work with the surveyors. Four of their men were down with chills and they needed help. He could leave this cheerless scene. He could be a part of the great human pulse which he felt beating against the arteries of the world and which he now thought himself to be separated from.

Why did he walk so slowly? Why was his head bent on his breast, his step like the step of one oppressed by the weight of years. It was the vision before his mind of a thin, wan face, of an emaciated body, of two large brown eyes dulled by suffering, of bent shoulders and a languid step. Could he leave her? Leave her alone in that desolate place while he went out alone to earn money to buy her luxuries that would make her life more comfortable? Was that why he wished to accept the engineer's offer and leave this scene behind him? Was it for her? Or was it that he was hungry for the world which he had never seen, but which he knew existed.

As he walked toward the house the door opened and a thin little figure moved out into the sunset light. She lifted her hand to shade her eyes and looked anxiously in the direction from which he was approaching. As she saw him her haggard face lighted up and she seemed less weary, less distressed.

John did not have it in his heart to tell her what was on his mind, but with a woman's intuition and a mother's quick perception she read instantly that something unusual had occurred. With the tact of her sex she said nothing of what the boy's face so plainly told her and together they entered their home.

Mrs. Millar made an effort toward preparing supper, but a paroxysm of coughing seized her and she was obliged to lie down. The boy took a candle and disappeared into the cellar, returning with the potatoes and bacon which served for their evening meal.

Scarcely a word was spoken. Should he tell her? Could he leave her? What would she say? He had never been more than ten miles from the village. The thought that this was the opportunity of his life made every vibre of his being vibrate with the intensity of his desire to go. Night came on, and he climbed the ladder and threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his straw mattress, and with wide-open eyes that saw nothing of his surroundings, he turned the question over and over in his mind. Ambition, desire, curiosity, love of adventure, all said go.

Love for the frail, little woman who lay tossing restlessly on her bed in the room below held him back. What was the use of two being wretched here? If he were gone the little money would go further for her. But then came the other thought; she was his mother and he loved her and, with a tear that his manliness strove to hide even from himself, he resolved that come what might his lot should be cast with hers.

* * * * * * *

One who has not seen a prairie fire can form no conception of it, but, on the other hand, having seen one, the memory can never be effaced.

John Millar started in his sleep; he opened his eyes in alarm. Was the sunset light still lingering in the heavens? Indeed, no. The situation flashed on him instantly, and hastily descending to the door, he saw that the demon of the prairie was coming on with lightning speed. There was safety in the river. Could they reach it? In another moment he had caught his mother in his arms, and bareheaded he rushed out into the night. He could hear the roar of the oncoming, all devouring fury. The burden in his arms, light as it was, proved almost too much for his boyish strength, but the fire of determination was in his eye and he rushed forward. The soft, springy soil gave way under his feet. The air was heavy with smoke. Still he pressed on. He saw nothing, but the broad Missouri and its sandy banks were almost reached. With one final effort he plunged forward and laid his precious burden upon the cool sands.

* * * * * * *

When consciousness returned he looked over the blackened land and saw but a heap of charred timbers where their poor little place had been. Then, turning to comfort her whom he had struggled his utmost to save, he saw her lying on her face. Stooping low over the form, he strove to rouse her, but he had done all for her that he could, and this time he made no effort to hide his tears.

SUPERSTITIOUS WHALE FISHERS.—Of all men, sailors are about the most superstitious, and perhaps whale fishers are the most superstitious of all. For a ship to start on her voyage on a Friday, or for any important work—such as putting the lines on board the boats—to take place on that day, is synonymous with certain failure of the fishing, if not something worse. The captains generally defer to the men's deep-seated prejudice on this subject; but a few of them have dared the evil influence by sailing on Friday, with the result that the voyage, instead of being unsuccessful, has frequently proved unusually fortunate.

One notable instance occurred where a ship sailed on a Friday, and every whale that was caught was killed on a Friday. The men are likewise very particular about the way in which everything is put on board at the equipment of the ship. A boat which had been brought down from the yard stern foremost is known to have been sent back and brought down bow foremost, and nothing will be accepted by a sailor which is handed to him between the shrouds.

On one occasion a ship had been very unfortunate, not a whale having been caught, although the season was well advanced. The want of success was attributed to an Englishman who wore a peculiar high peaked white hat, and at the solicitation of the crew he allowed his hat to be consumed on a bonfire kindled on the ice with a view of exorcising the spirit of bad luck.

In the days of the old sailing vessels the burning of the witches was a regular occurrence. The master of the ceremonies had a piece of flat stick, on the end of which a quantity of salt was placed, and his plan of burning out the witches was by pushing the stick through the ring of the anchor, and then setting fire to the salt, muttering the while some doggerel, beginning thus: "Avoid ye Satan, and away with your crooked rumple."

A curious coincidence happened one year on board the old "Advice." The season had been very unpropitious, and as it was well advanced, and the ship still "clean," the ceremony of burning the witches was resorted to. One of the crew, an old man, famed for his success in exorcising the evil genius, acted as high-priest on the occasion, and curiously enough a fish was caught on the following day. The ceremony was repeated three times, at intervals of a week, and with the like result, a whale having been got the succeeding day.

It is creditable to the intelligence of the men to say that this witch-burning is never heard of nowadays, having disappeared along with many of the other superstitious notions which were in vogue in "the good old times."

DISCOVERED.—On a French frigate a theft was once committed when the vessel was at sea. In spite of the severest perquisitions, in spite of the habit of observing the least details of life in common which takes place on board a vessel, neither the officers nor the sailors could discover the author of the theft. This circumstance put all the crew in a state of excitement. When the captain and his staff had given all hope of seeing justice down, the boatswain's mate said to the commander, "To-morrow morning I shall find the thief!" The astonishment at this announcement was not small. Next day all the crew were ranged in order on the deck. The boatswain's mate ordered each man to hold out his hand, and distributed to him a small quantity of flour. He then commanded them all in their turn to make a small ball with the flour by mixing their saliva with it. There was one man who could not make the little ball for want of saliva. "That is the guilty man," said the boatswain's mate to the captain. It was soon discovered that he was not mistaken.

Raymond A. Knight, a farmer of Columbiana county, O., sued for divorce on the ground that his wife refused to cook his meals.

Bric-a-Brac.

"BY THE ABOVE BALL.—Perhaps one of the very oldest monuments is the tablet in a Berkshire church in memory of a soldier who had his left leg taken off "by the above ball," an actual cannon ball being inserted at the top.

IN SPAIN.—It is customary throughout Spain for the waiters at cafes to fill a glass with wine or liqueur so that it overflows upon the saucer. This custom, in which it is desired to show an appearance of liberality, is called the "foot-bath."

FROGS AS WEATHER-PROPHETS.—A curious barometer is used in Germany and Switzerland. It is a jar of water, with a frog and a little step-ladder in it. When the frog comes out of the water and sits on the steps, a rain-storm will soon occur.

THINNESS OF SOAP BUBBLES.—If it were possible to cut sections out of the side of soap-bubbles, and then by some delicate process handle the pieces, there would be required 50,000,000 films laid one upon another to make a pile one inch in height.

THE PEACOCK.—The peacock's spreading train is not the bird's tail, but a corona of feathers above the tail. The true tail consists of 18 feathers beneath the corona. The latter is provided with a curious system of muscles by which it can be erected at will.

A MIGHTY BURIAL GROUND.—There are over sixty catacombs known to exist in Rome or its immediate vicinity. The entire length of the passages that have been measured is 580 miles, and it is estimated that from 6,000,000 to 15,000,000 dead are there interred.

THE SNIPE.—The snipe has a nerve reaching down to the tip of his bill. It is the only bird thus provided, and this contrivance illustrates the beneficence of nature in enabling the snipe to detect the presence of its food in mud and water, where the creature's eye is of no use.

THE AMETHYST.—The amethyst is the softest of all the stones called jewels. It is crystallized flint, otherwise rock crystal, tinted in various shades of violet, this color being produced by iron and manganese. The cause of the unpopularity of the amethyst for jewelry is that it loses its color at night.

EGGS.—Ornithologists say it is a general rule of nature that the smallest birds lay the greatest number of eggs; but in the humming bird this rule is reversed. It lays only two eggs, which are white, round, and of the size of peas. The tiny bird is so fearless at the time of nesting that it has been known to attack and blind a person when searching for its eggs.

WEAPON SALVE.—The Irish "weapon salve" was an ointment supposed to possess the most extraordinary virtues in keeping with its most extraordinary ingredients. One of these was a powder made from the moss which had grown on skulls lying exposed on battlefields. Unless the skull was of a person who died a violent death the powder was supposed to lose its virtue.

THE OLDEST.—The oldest prescription in existence has been found. It was for a wash for promoting the growth of the hair of the mother of King Chata, second king of the first dynasty, who reigned about 4,000 B. C. This is the translation:—"Pad of a dog's foot, 1; fruit of a date palm, 1; ass' hoof, 1. Boil together in oil in saucepan. Directions for use:—Rub thorough in."

EARRINGS WORN BY ENGLISHMEN.—Among civilized nations the wearing of earrings by men has been by no means uncommon, as it has been shown that in early English days some of the most distinguished courtiers bedecked their ears with very costly specimens. Shakespeare is said to have worn them, and Charles I. is reputed to have been the owner of a magnificent pair of pearl earrings, which he bequeathed to his daughter on the day before he was executed.

TRUE AND BRAVE WOMEN.—To be able to look cheerfully and hopefully through clouds of poverty and distress is an accomplishment bestowed by nature upon every true and brave woman; and, no matter how poor or humble her home may be, the magic power of smiles can brighten its shadows and lighten its cares. Upon the troubled mind of a feeling husband a wife's smile falls like a sunbeam on a flower. And how much more beautiful it makes the face that wears it than a frown! When a wife and mother, forgetting sorrows and hardships, smiles away her tears, there is a loveliness in the act that speaks to a man's heart more eloquently than words.

THE TIMES OF LONG AGO.

BY V. M.

They speak of the days when I used to be gay—
They whisper it soft and low—
When my feet were eager for dancing and play,
In the times of long ago.

They speak of the time when my lover came—
And turn their heads away—
That I may not hear his faithless name,
Which links with the long gone day.

They speak that he made me what I am,
So cheerless and sad and worn,
When once I played like the little lamb,
In the beautiful long dead morn.

They speak of these things but I hear them all—
Though they whisper soft and low—
And I think of my lover beyond recall,
In the times of long ago.

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE carriage containing Lord Landon and his prisoner drove down to the village, and the footman roused the constable. He was an old man, who had spent the greater portion of his life at Chesney, and had never had a "big" case on his hands, his experience scarcely extending beyond an occasional petty larceny by a tramp, or a drunk and disorderly. It need scarcely be said that he was considerably flustered when Lord Landon informed him of the charge against Lord Norman.

"This yere young man!" said the constable, eyeing Norman Lechmere's grave, handsome face with astonishment and incredulity. "He don't look that sort o' man, my lord, do 'ee? Do you give him in charge, my lord?"

Lord Landon paused. He had quite forgotten this formality.

"No, not I," he said, "but Lord Lechmere does; he knows him, and will charge him."

"Oh, if his lordship says he's guilty, it's all right, my lord," said the constable, buttoning his tunic and slipping on his helmet. "Shall I take him straight off to Dexmouth, or put him in the lock-up for to-night?"

Again Lord Landon hesitated; and he glanced at his prisoner, who stood perfectly quiet and patient. It was late, and the drive to Dexmouth would be a long one.

"Better put him in the lock-up," said Lord Landon. He turned to Norman. "You are on your parole, Thane."

"Pardon me," said Norman with a grave smile, "my parole closes when you and I part company, Lord Landon. I promised not to attempt to escape while in your custody. I think you should be satisfied with that."

Lord Landon nodded.

"Take care of him," he said, in an undertone to the constable; "he is young and strong——"

The constable wagged his head and snorted.

"I'll take care of him, my lord, never fear. The lock up's strong enough to hold a giant, and I'll put the handcuffs on him for safety."

Somehow or other this suggestion jarred upon Lord Landon.

"No, no," he said, "if the lock-up is secure, you will not need to handcuff him, constable."

"Thank you, my lord," said Norman in a low voice.

"Come along with me, young man," said the constable in the same tone and manner with which he was wont to address a tramp charged with hen-stealing. The men walked to a square stone building, not very far from the inn. The door was a thick one, old but still sturdy, studded with iron nails, and fastened by a padlocked bar.

The constable unlocked it with some difficulty, and holding up the lantern, signed to Lord Norman to enter. The place struck cold and chill, and smelt musty. There was a plank bedstead, a chair, and a bundle of, by no means dry, straw.

"Oh!" said Lord Landon, "I think he would be more comfortable at Dexmouth, constable."

"No, no, this will do, my lord," said Norman Lechmere. "I am tired and shall sleep very well."

"I'll be bound he will," remarked the constable, "most of 'em sleep like tops and have to be woke in the morning. There's a comfortable bed and plenty o' straw, good enough and more, for the likes o' him. Good-night, young man, and don't 'ee make a disturbance now."

With something like a paternal nod to his prisoner, the constable locked him in and went off with Lord Landon to take down the charge in due form.

Lord Norman felt his way to the wooden bed, and sinking down on it, held his head with his hands and "considered the situation," as the French say. Much as he loathed and despised Harold Thane, he was obliged to admit to himself that the scoundrel was as clever and ready as he was unscrupulous. The complete turning of the tables, the change from the accused to the accuser, was a stroke of genius. And it seemed to Lord Norman that only an interposition of Providence could recall the truth and save him from penal servitude. But it was not so much of himself and his own danger that he thought as of Madge. That Madge Gordon should be his girl-love after all; that she should still be free for him to woo and win, filled him, even in that moment, with an indescribable joy. He forgot that he was a prisoner, charged with robbery and attempted murder, and that his accusers could bring sufficient circumstantial evidence to convict him; he forgot the cold and the discomfort, and the blood ran warm and tingling through his veins. Madge would not think him guilty. Madge would recognize him, and believe in him when he had told her his story and recalled the past to her!

He paced up and down thinking of her, filling the darkness with mental pictures of her sweet face until he lost all count of time. Presently he heard the clock strike one, and was about to stretch himself on the plank when he heard a tapping against the heavily-barred window.

"Well?" he asked, "what is it?"

"Richmond!" called Mr. Gerard's voice.

"Yes!" said Lord Norman with a sudden flush of pleasure. "I am here, Mr. Gerard!"

"What the deuce are you doing there?" came the impatient question. "Are you drunk?"

Lord Norman could not suppress a short laugh.

"No," he said. "I am only too painfully sober. How did you know that I was here—in custody?"

"Why," replied Mr. Gerard, "an old fool of a constable came into the inn parlor and let out that he'd got 'my man' as a prisoner, but he declined to state on what charge with all the pomposity of a yokel detective, and I naturally concluded you had got drunk up at the big place and kicked up a row."

Lord Norman felt his way to the window, and quietly broke one of the small panes of glass.

"I am in custody on a charge of robbery and attempted murder—in Australia—and here too, by-the-way," he said, and he could almost feel Mr. Gerard's start.

"What? Nonsense; Tell the truth, Richmond! You have been up to some foolery up at the Chase."

"Well, yes, I have," said Lord Norman with mild bitterness as he thought of the way in which he had been trapped. "It was the stupidest kind of foolery, I'll admit; but think it is not unlikely to land me in penal servitude."

Mr. Gerard whistled.

"Tell me all about it," he said. "You can speak out. I gave that old idiot a couple of glasses of British brandy, and he is sleeping by the parlor fire like a log. Stop, are you uncomfortable in there?"

"Anything but comfortable," said Lord Norman. "It is worse than the casual ward of a workhouse."

"Then you'd better come out," said Mr. Gerard.

Lord Norman smiled grimly.

"That is easier said than done," he remarked.

"Wait!" said Mr. Gerard, and Lord Norman heard his footsteps retreating carefully. In a very short time, though it seemed hours to Norman, the sculptor was at the window again.

"Put your hand through the hole in the window," he said.

Lord Norman did so, and felt it come in contact with a chisel.

"Now the mallet," said Mr. Gerard. "Muffle it with your handkerchief—not that you're likely to wake anyone, for the whole place is simply dead asleep. Hold on a minute; I have brought you my flask. Don't talk, but loosen the bottom of the bars inside the sash, while I take out these outside."

Lord Norman, feeling that he had cause to thank the fate that had made him a sculptor's mason, deftly plied the mallet and chisel, and in the course of half an hour had cut and prized the bars from their sockets. He had to wait for Mr. Gerard, who had worked with more caution, and therefore less noise; but presently the way was clear, and, pulling himself up to the ledge, he slid through the window, and stood, a free man, beside the sculptor.

Mr. Gerard eyed him grimly in the darkness.

"What do they give for assisting a prisoner to escape?" he asked.

Lord Norman joined and pressed his hands.

"Go back to the inn, and take the tools, sir," he said. "No one will suspect."

Mr. Gerard cut him short with a grunt.

"Oh, it's not my way to do things by halves," he said. "Let us get out of this. But you'll be sure to be retaken in the morning. The good old times, when a man could play the Jack Sheppard, has gone for ever. They will take you again before breakfast, Richmond!"

Lord Norman set his teeth.

"They may take me as soon as they like after—after I have been to London and seen—a certain person," he said. "Let me think a moment. Yes! I got off that way long ago. I'll try it again." He looked round thoughtfully. "Yes! that's the road. Come along, sir, if you're sure you won't go back to the inn."

Mr. Gerard shook his head.

"Not I," he said, calmly. "In for a penny in for a pound. Besides, I'm interested and curious. It isn't often a man gets a chance of an adventure nowadays. What do you say they charge you with?"

"Robbery and attempted murder," said Lord Norman gravely. "You are not afraid?" and he smiled quietly.

"No," said Mr. Gerard. "I don't suppose you are likely to rob or murder me. You seem to know this road? It isn't the way we came. But you said you were here before?"

"Yes," said Lord Norman, "I know it very well. I know the place we just left—the Chase and the village, I mean. I have just remembered it. It—all of it—belongs to my uncle, and I am his heir."

The sculptor stopped dead, stood and stared at him. Then he whistled softly.

"I see!" he murmured.

"You think I have gone mad, and that is why they have locked me up?" said Lord Norman quietly.

"Never mind, never mind; don't worry about it," responded Mr. Gerard soothingly.

"Yes; I see you do! You would not believe me if I told you that my name is not Harry Richmond, but Norman Lechmere, and that I am the nephew and heir of the Earl of Chesney, the poor old man who owns all this?"

"No, I certainly should not," began Mr. Gerard, as he walked on, then he stopped again and caught his companion's hand. "Let me feel your pulse! That's strange, though! Quite normal! Who do you say you are?"

"I am Viscount Lechmere," replied Lord Norman, as quietly as before. "I do not wonder at your astonishment, and I am not offended by your incredulity. I should not have believed it myself if anyone had told me earlier in the evening—but, you see, I have remembered since then! Don't speak! Let me tell you the whole story. You must walk fast, and reach Dexmouth before the people are about. If we have any luck we should get a boat to take us along the coast. You see I know the road. I have done this before! Now listen."

He told the whole story as he had promised, and Mr. Gerard listened in silence, broken only by occasional soft whistles and half-suppressed exclamations of astonishment and indignation; and, even when Lord Norman had finished, he remained silent.

"Do you believe me, or do you consider me a particularly gifted liar?" asked Lord Norman.

Mr. Gerard tendered his hand.

"I believe you!" he said quietly, very quietly. "My silence was an indication of incredulity. I was thinking——"

"Well?" asked Lord Norman with suppressed impatience.

"That though I believe it you will find it difficult to persuade a jury of twelve men to accept it as truth. I have suspected all along that you were a kind of prince in disguise. I said something of the kind to—to Madge Gordon, I remember."

Lord Norman drew a heavy breath.

"She will believe me!" he said in a low voice.

"I daresay," observed Mr. Gerard significantly. "But she will not try the case, unfortunately. My dear fellow, don't you see that this man—this Harold Thane—your double, has all the pull? He is in possession. He has been recognized and acknowledged as the real Simon Pure by everybody. He has the articles of evidence, the handkerchief, the lock of hair——"

"Which he stole!"

"So you say!" returned Mr. Gerard. "But he will swear that they have been his all along, and what is to disprove it? Only your assertion. And who are you? Why, you yourself didn't know until a few hours ago! What jury will believe that? If you are the right man you would have been half an idiot to live the life of a common workman, and allow another, an imposter, to reign in your stead!"

"But—but—my memory—I had lost it. That scoundrel had deprived me of it by his cowardly blow."

"Yes, so you say, and so I believe. But the jury, the beautiful, pig-headed jury, that never can be got to recognise the truth of anything outside the ordinary and common-place? What about them?"

"There—there is Madge—Miss Gordon," Lord Norman said, in a low voice.

"Well, did she recognize you? Stop! Ah, I remember! I remember! Yes; if she did not actually recognize you she was much moved by the likeness. I remember her embarrassment. But, my dear fellow, this is only one witness against—how many? Your uncle, all his friends, the people on the estate—they must all have acknowledged this Harold Thane as the right man."

Lord Norman's face went white, and he set his teeth hard.

"Great is Truth, and it shall prevail," he said sternly.

"Good old copy-book heading!" Mr. Gerard remarked. "But, my dear sir, we've altered that long ago into 'Great is Falsehood, and it shall prevail.' It's easier to prove a lie when you've got all the evidence on your side than it is to prove the truth when you've got none. No! Go before a jury and——" he stopped.

"They will convict me of all the crimes committed by Harold Thane," said Lord Norman bitterly.

"They will! They will say that you are Harold Thane. *Ergo* I you must not go before a jury. No, Lord Lechmere, there must be 'another way,' as the cookery book says. But what—but what——" And he strode on with his rugged face drawn into a deep and thoughtful frown. Presently he pulled up short. "You must go alone," he said; "and I must go back to the inn and look as innocent of all complicity in your escape as I can. If I leave in this sudden fashion they will at once jump to the conclusion that I have gone off with you, and track us down to my studio. I'll go back, and keep a sharp eye upon Lord Norman—I beg your pardon, I mean Harold Thane—and by some means or other let you know what course he is taking. I have an idea he won't be in a hurry to pursue you, and that he will wait your return."

Lord Norman was forced to admit the wisdom of the proposal, but he found it hard to part with his friend in this the hour of his need.

"I can never be grateful enough for your faith in me, Mr. Gerard," he said, as he clasped the sculptor's hand.

Mr. Gerard shrugged his shoulders.

"You see, it was easy to believe your story, for I had made up my mind that you were something more than what you appeared to be. Go and see Miss Gordon, and I will send all the news to you through her. Good-bye, and God speed! Keep your heart up, and don't forget that you've a clever rogue to fight against."

Lord Norman went on his way alone, following the road on which he had tramped when, as a boy, he fled from Chesney Chase. He remembered each point distinctly, and could see as distinctly the boy with whom he had exchanged clothes. It was wonderful how completely the shock of meeting Harold Thane had restored his long-lost memory.

It was not yet dawn when he reached Dexmouth, and there luck stood by him, for he found a bark laden with straw just on the point of leaving the quay. Explaining that he was too short of money to pay the railway fare, and offering to lend a hand in working the vessel, Lord Norman asked for a passage, and the skipper, after eyeing the stalwart frame approvingly, readily accorded it. In less than half an hour the ship was gliding past the wooded cliffs of Chesney Chase—the cliffs and woods to which Lord Norman was heir—and as he watched them fade away in the distance, the blood burnt in his veins and his eyes flashed. A thief and imposter

bore his name and sat in his place, while he, Lord Norman, was an outcast and fugitive from justice. Would the truth prevail, or was Mr. Gerard right, and all hope of his ever regaining his own lost for ever?

CHAPTER XXXII.

THREE days later Madge was sitting beside the fire, her work in her lap, Mr. Gordon dozing in his chair. Although her work was in her hands, she had been sitting idly for nearly an hour, her eyes watching the fire dreamily, her thoughts wandering. She was thinking—though she tried hard not to do so—of Harry Richmond. No one but herself could have told how she had missed the ring of the mallet and chisel during the last few days. It seemed to her as if he had been absent for years, and as if something had gone out of her life. Twenty times a day she caught herself stopping and looking before her vacantly, as if she were trying to remember something; then with a start and a flush she would discover that she was thinking of Harry Richmond, and hurry on with her work again.

Mr. Silas Fletcher also was absent, but she did not think of him, or if she did it was only with a faint shudder. It was strange and unaccountable to her; but since she had known Harry Richmond her dislike for and mistrust of Silas Fletcher had increased. His absence was a relief to her; the thought of his return a dread and fear.

This evening, as she sat looking at the fire, she was all unconsciously comparing the two men, and she started almost guiltily when she heard a quick, firm step on the stairs, and there came a knock at the door. She knew the step in a moment, and rose with her hand pressed to her heaving bosom; and it was quite a minute before she could pronounce the words, "Come in."

The door opened, and Lord Norman entered. As she looked at him she started, for her eyes, quickened by love, noted the subtle change in his handsome face. The expression of vague doubt and sadness had gone, and in its place was an alert, eager look, which seemed to make his eyes brighter, and his face more youthful and hopeful.

"Mr. Richmond!" she faltered, trying to control her voice, and force it to one of merely conventional welcome; but it trembled for all her efforts, and a warm flush stole over her face, a shy and gentle expression into her lovely eyes.

He came forward, and took her hand, and held it, gazing into her face with a cool questioning look as if he were dwelling upon it with an intense desire to impress every feature on his mind.

"You have got back then?" she said. "Is the work finished? Surely not!"

"No," he said, "it is not finished. I do not know that it has begun. I left Mr. Gerald there."

"At Chesney Chase?" she said mechanically.

"Yes," he repeated, slowly, "at Chesney Chase, or at the the inn, rather. You know the place, Miss Gordon?"

"Yes," she assented in a low voice. "Did you enjoy the change?"

"No," he said, quietly.

She looked up at him questioningly. For all the change in his eyes—the newly-acquired brightness and alertness—she noticed now that he looked tired, and rather pale.

"Have you been ill?" she asked anxiously.

"No, not ill; but—in trouble," he smiled gravely.

"In trouble! Oh, tell me!" sprang to her lips; then, with a quick blush, she added: "I—I beg your pardon; I did not mean to be curious——"

"I will tell you everything presently, Miss Gordon," he said. "But I have something to tell you, something to ask you, before I recount my adventures. And yet——" He paused. Yes, I must tell you this before all else! Miss Gordon, I am a fugitive."

Madge started, and instinctively her hand went out to him. He took it, but relinquished it with an effort.

"Not yet!" he murmured; "Not yet—not until you know all. Miss Gordon, I have been arrested on a charge of robbery and attempted murder."

The moment he had uttered the words he reproached himself for his abruptness, for Madge's face went white, and a low cry of horror escaped her lips.

But he knew she did not shrink from him—that her eyes reflected horror of the charge, not of him.

He took her hand, and led her gently to her seat, and stood beside her, looking down at her with love gleaming in his dark eyes.

"Forgive me! I ought not to have told you so suddenly!" he said, in a low voice. "Indeed, I tried to break it to you; but the words left my lips——"

"Tell me—tell me—all—everything!" she said faintly.

"You do not ask me if it is true," he said, in a low voice, his eyes fixed on hers.

She looked up at him almost indignantly; then a faint smile broke upon her anxious face.

"I know it is not true," she said simply. "Robbery, murder? You!" She laughed softly.

"Why should it not be true?" he asked. "You—you know so little of me; I am almost a stranger."

She shook her head.

"It is not true!" she said. "I know it, I—I feel it here!" and she put her hand to her heart.

He had hard work to prevent himself from taking her to his breast.

"If—if someone had told you that I was a thief, and"—she shuddered,—"a murderer, would you have believed them?" she asked.

"No," he said shortly, his breath coming fast.

"And yet you know as little of me as I of you, Mr. Richmond!" reproachfully.

"I should not believe them because"—his voice broke for a moment, then the fateful words came forth with intense passion—the passion which had been burning in his heart for years, the passion which had slumbered for a time, only to awake with tenfold force and vigor—"because I love you!"

She started, and strove for a moment to take her hand from his, which had seized upon it hungrily. The crimson dyed her face and neck, and her eyes fell, then she raised them and let them rest upon his glowing ones.

"You—love me?" she breathed.

"Yes, yes!" he said. "I love you! You know it! Dearest I have loved you ever since—" he stopped himself, and just in time—"since I saw you first. You have never been out of my mind since that hour. You are all the world to me, you are the world—life itself, Madge, dear, dear Madge, will you tell me my fate? Will you give me your love in return, or send me away for ever!"

She was silent. She could not speak. A wild, tempestuous joy was throbbing through her heart, and causing her to tremble like a leaf shaken by the autumn wind.

He loved her! There was no need to ask herself whether she loved him—her heart cried aloud, and every fibre in her body thrilled with responsive passion.

"Tell me, Madge," he whispered. I ought not to have loved you, to have come to you, while this cloud was hanging over me; but"—he drew a long breath—"I could not keep away from you, and yet I tried hard. Something drew me to you, even against my will. Madge dearest, can you love me, notwithstanding this charge against me, notwithstanding that I am flying from justice—no, not justice, but injustice? Speak frankly, dearest. See, I will not hold you!" He relinquished her hand slowly. "I will not attempt to influence you, persuade you; you shall think it over—consider, only remember that I am innocent as you, dear one, and that—that I love you with my whole heart, with my whole soul!"

He would have risen and drawn away from her, would have left her, if he had found strength to do so; but her trembling hand fell upon his arm, and, sliding down to his hand, closed over it.

His arm was about her in an instant, and he strained her to the heart, murmuring her dear name in passionate accents, and kissing the soft dark hair, a lock of which had lain upon his heart until Harold Thane had stolen it.

For some minutes Love lost count of Time. They were silent. Then she raised her head and, shyly putting his hand to her cheek, whispered, "It seems like a dream! Are you really here beside me, and—and——"

He drew her to him again and kissed her, to assure her of his reality. Then she started suddenly, and her eyes grew anxious.

"But—but, Harry"—the name faltered timidly on her lips—"you are in danger! You were to tell me! Have you forgotten?"

"Yes," he said, with a smile that lit up his handsome face, "I had forgotten everything excepting that I loved you, and that you loved me a little in return, dearest!"

"A little!" she answered with sweet reproval. "But I have not forgotten. What does it all mean? Who has accused you of these dreadful things?" She smiled into his eyes. "It's absurd! You guilty of——! Perhaps," and she laughed softly with loving banter, "you committed them years ago, and forgot them when you lost your memory?"

He started slightly.

"Madge, my memory has come back," he said quietly.

She was startled by his voice.

"Come back!—oh, when?" she said joyfully, her hands on his shoulders.

"Four nights ago," he said gravely. "Yes, it has come back. The mists have cleared away, dearest."

"Quite away?" she asked. "Can you remember things that happened years ago. How strange it must seem!"

And she gazed at him thoughtfully, trying to imagine his feelings.

"Yes, I can go back for years," he said. "Shall I tell you one thing that I remember, Madge?"

"Do!" she murmured. "Tell me everything up to—up to the time we met, and—you loved me," she added, her voice almost dying away.

"That would be going a very long way back," he said, still in the grave, subdued voice. "Listen, dearest. There is one scene that I can recall—one scene that stands out more clearly than all the rest, now that the veil has been uplifted.

His hand closed on hers, tightly, reassuringly, and his voice sank very low.

"It is a small garden away in the country, a small garden near a larger one, in which stands a great house. There is a seat in this garden, all full of sweet-scented flowers, and on this seat is a young girl. She is a very pretty girl, with the promise of lovely womanhood in her blue eyes and dark hair. Wonderful eyes they are, as they are fixed on her book—it is 'Robinson Crusoe'—and very wonderful a young lad thinks them when, coming into the garden with his dogs, he sees them for the first time."

Madge did not start, but gradually her eyes grew wider, her face paler.

"The boy came and set beside her, and he and the girl made friends. Then he got his copy of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and they read together. Presently another boy burst in upon them, a pale, lank-haired boy, who quarrelled with the first boy. They fell to fighting, and the girl coming in between them received a blow intended for the first boy upon her pretty white arm——"

Madge's quivering lips opened, and she uttered a faint cry—a sharp cry of amazement.

"Next day the boy came again, and—don't move or speak, dearest!—strange to relate, he got her to pledge herself to him, to promise to be his wife. She was to wait until he had made his fortune, and then they were to marry and live happily ever afterwards. That same day the boy quarrelled with his uncle up at the great house, and ran away. But before he went he met the girl—his plighted wife!—and renewed his vows and said good-bye to her. He climbed the lattice to her window, and then she gave him a lock of her hair—wait, dearest! be calm!—and he gave her his old knife for a token, and she let him keep her handkerchief. So they parted. Pledged to each other! The boy with his heart full of love and trust and hope, with her love and promise before his eyes and mind, like a star to guide and shield him. And she—oh, Madge, let me think that the girl loved him a little, that she, too, remembered her plighted word and some promise; for the boy was myself and the girl was my own dearest, dearest!"

She would have sprung to her feet with a wild cry, but he held her firmly, yet gently, and quieted her with tender kisses.

"You—you!" she breathed, trembling in every climb. "Oh, I knew it! I knew it! The moment I saw you my heart leapt and called to you. Oh, Norman! It is Norman, my Norman!"

"Yes, dearest," he said gently. "I am Norman Lechmere. I have kept my word. I have never ceased to love you for one moment since we parted in the moonlight under your window. And you——"

She fell upon his breast, her lips seeking his blindly.

"Oh, my love, my love!" she moaned. "I knew it! My heart was wiser than I! I was blind, blind! Oh, my love, come back to me at last!"

"Yes," he said. "At last! And I should have known you but for my loss of memory. But that has come back now; come back before it is too late!"

She started and quivered in his arms, and raised her eyes with wild questioning to his.

"But—but—that other man! The man who calls himself Lord Norman," she panted. "He—he who bears the title?"

"I know," he said. "I have seen him."

"And——!" She pushed her hair from her forehead distractedly. "Norman! He had the lock of hair, the handkerchief! He knew all about our past, our meeting, our betrothal and parting. He showed me the lock of hair and handkerchief."

"I know, dearest," he said again.

"And—and he knew me. No!" she cried with a sudden change in her voice. "He did not recognize me! I remember! He did not know me, though, if he were Lord Norman he would have done so in a moment!"

"But I am Lord Norman, and I did not," he said.

"No, no, your mind was clouded over, but he had not lost his memory. And—and Norman, he is the very image of you!"

"I know," he said.

"Oh, heaven!" she cried with kind of desperation. "Who is he?"

"His name is Harold Thane. He is a bushranger, a thief, and a scoundrel. He robbed me out in Australia of your lock of hair and your handkerchief, and my diary——"

"Ah!" she drew a long breath. With the swiftness of a flash of lightning she saw it all. Love is quick, marvelously quick, when the loved one is concerned.

"Yes!" he said, following her mind as one follows the printed page of a book. "Having robbed me of every penny I possessed, and of your love tokens—more precious than all else—and my diary, he, leaving me for dead, came to England and passed himself off for me. It is Harold Thane, not Norman Lechmere, who reigns at Chesney Chase."

Her arms tightened round his neck, and she looked into his eyes with all a woman's tender, loving pity and consolation.

"But he will do so no longer, Norman!" she said, her eyes flashing, her lips apart. "You will denounce him—punish him!"

"Yes," he said gravely; "but we must have patience, dearest. The man is a clever scoundrel, and"—he smiled grimly—"he has forestalled us."

Her eyes questioned him eagerly.

"Yes," he said, between his clenched teeth, "it is he who has denounced me. I thought I had brought him to his knees the other night when I discovered him at the Chase. Think what the discovery meant to me, dearest? The shock was so great that it brought back my memory, as if a miracle had been wrought! I thought that I had him at my mercy; but the clever rogue turned the tables on me, and denounced me as Harold Thane, the bushranger, and gave me into custody."

"But you are here!" she cried, straining him to her heaving bosom passionately, as if she would protect him against the attack of all the world.

"Yes, dearest, I have escaped for the present, with the help of Mr. Gerard——"

"And now you will denounce the impostor, and regain your name and rights," she cried. "Who can stop you—prevent you?"

"I can," said a harsh voice behind them.

Madge uttered a faint cry. Norman Lechmere started to his feet, and swung round. Just inside of the door stood Silas Fletcher. His plain face was white, his lips working spasmodically, his small, bear-like eyes glowing with a malignant fire.

Instinctively Lord Norman took a step towards him. Silas Fletcher stretched out his hand towards him threateningly, but kept his eyes fixed on Madge's terrified ones.

"Keep off!" he said, huskily. "Keep off, or I'll call the police, and give you in custody—Harold Thane!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW TO MAKE A MIRROR.—A simplified process for silvering glass is described in the Journal de Physique. Take 100 parts by volume of a ten per cent. solution of nitrate of silver, and add, drop by drop, a quantity of ammonia, just sufficient to dissolve the precipitate formed, avoiding any excess of ammonia. Make up the volume of the solution to ten times the amount by adding distilled water. The reducing solution used in the formaldehyde of commerce. The forty per cent. solution is diluted to a one per. cent solution. The glass to be silvered is polished with chamois leather, and the bath is made up immediately before use by mixing two parts by volume of the silver solution with one of formaldehyde. The solution must be poured right over the surface without stopping. After about five or ten minutes, at a temperature between 15 and 19 degrees C., all the silver in the solution is deposited on the glass in a bright layer, which is then washed in running water. It is then varnished if the glass side is to be used, or painted if the free surface is required for reflection.

THE DAY WILL COME!

BY W. L. F.

The day will come when we may meet
Without this passion of regret,
Without this ache and wild heart beat;
The day will come! We must forget!

The Past is lost in this our vow
To meet as though we ne'er had met,
Ah, love, canst thou believe it now,
The day will come when we forget?

When we forget! Thy heart to mine
Throbs with that hopeless question, "When?"
Love, when we both have drained Life's wine,
The day will come—then, only then!

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

DANE, though lost to the situation for a moment, pulled hard. Suddenly they all got a shock, and were thrown into the bottom of the boat. They had run into something. Dane was the first to regain his feet. One oar had slipped from the rowlock, but he seized the other, and, standing on the thwart, looked round. There, beside them, was Griffith's boat, and Griffith sitting firm as a rock, and resting on his oar as if nothing were the matter.

Dane recognized him after a moment.

"Griffith!" he cried.

Griffith looked at him without a word.

"Where is—where is the man?" shouted Martin.

Griffith looked round the expansion of water and smiled. There was no sign of the wretch who a moment before had been whining out his confession.

"Good heavens, where is he?" exclaimed St. Aubyn.

"Look! there, there!" cried Martin, pointing to a head that had risen a few yards down the stream.

"Row, Dane, row! He is drowning!"

Griffith glanced towards the head as if it were absolutely no concern of his, and Dane was for a moment motionless; then he put the boat's nose to the sinking man, and rowed.

The head disappeared, then came up again in a ghastly fashion, but some distance from the boat.

"He will be drowned. We shall be too late!" said Martin.

Dane signed to St. Aubyn to take the oars, and stepping on the gunwale of the boat, dived into the water, saying as he did so, and as calmly as if he were out for a swim—

"Keep the boat down stream!"

Dane swam like a fish, as the reader knows, and having learnt the tricks of the Yaw current he had no difficulty in reaching Chandos. That worthy gentleman was still conscious, and mad with fear. At sight of Dane, he at once, as is the custom of your drowning man, made a frantic clutch for him. But this was not the first time Dane had earned the Royal Humane Society's medal for preserving life, and he knew what to expect.

Treading water he raised his hand and caught Mr. Chandos a smart blow on the head, then seized him by the arm, and, keeping him at a safe distance, swam with him to the boat. He had not many yards to go, and very promptly they were both seized by Martin and St. Aubyn and lugged aboard.

Chandos lay at the bottom of the boat, Dane sat on the thwart breathing a little hard, and wiping the water from his face.

Martin bent over Chandos. "He's not dead, thank heaven!" he said piously.

"Oh," said St. Aubyn, but with no great joy in his voice. "I don't see that there's much to be thankful for. Here," and he handed his brandy flask to Martin.

Mr. Chandos took a gulp, sat up and looked around, and at sight of Dane set up a howl.

"Save me! save me!" he whined. "I swear that I've told the truth. Don't let him get at me!" and he clung convulsively to Martin's legs.

Martin, good and charitable as he was, could not help shaking him off.

"Be silent!" he said, almost as sternly as Dane could have spoken. "You have nothing to fear from Lord Dane. He has just saved your life, and if you have a spark of gratitude in you, you will go on your knees and implore his pardon."

But Mr. Chandos was not capable of even a solitary spark of that emotion. He looked, under his lids, at Dane, and, shivering and shaking, muttered sullenly—

"Saved my life! He hit me! And when I was in the water and helpless! I shall catch my death!"

"It was to save you from gripping him and drowning you both," said Martin. "If you cannot bring yourself to thank your preserver, hold your tongue altogether."

Dane rose and beckoned Griffith, who had kept close to them, and had viewed the rescue of Chandos with strong disgust. He brought his boat alongside and Dane stepped into it.

"Row me ashore as quickly as possible," he said.

Griffith eyed him rather suspiciously.

"What for?" he said. "Are you going to worry and plague her? If so——"

"No, no," said Dane flushing. "I want to go to her and tell her—tell her all that that devil in human form confessed. Be quick man. I'm on fire. She knows I'm coming. I telegraphed to her.

"No she don't," said Griffith stolidly, and he took the telegram from his pocket.

"You haven't given it to her!" said Dane angrily.

"No," retorted Griffith sullenly. "Why should I? She wanted quiet and rest. How did I know what you were coming for; to bring more trouble upon her, perhaps—to make her more unhappy than she is already?"

"No, no!" said Dane. "It is all cleared up now. Make haste, Griffith. Every moment I'm away from her is an age to me."

Griffith rowed, but none too quickly.

"Why didn't you let him drown—the rat?" he growled. "What did you interfere for? It was no business of yours."

At any other time Dane could have laughed outright, but he was incapable of a smile just then.

"Row, or give me the oars!" he said sternly, and Griffith, thus adjured, pulled hard for the shore.

The other boat was pulling up stream towards Yarnstaple.

"Don't mind us," shouted St. Aubyn. "We'll take care of him."

"Ugh!" grunted Griffith. "Why don't they chuck him in again! Such as he ain't fit to live! If you'd only have kept away another five minutes!"

Meanwhile, Lyra was in her room, whither she had gone at the flight of Chandos. Her heart was beating wildly, but not with fear. She had at last, and quite suddenly, come to a sensible decision. She would tell Dane all. She saw that it was useless to hope for secrecy any longer. She would tell him all! And as she sat down at the table with her writing materials before her and tried to commence, she realized her folly in flying from him. She ought to have confided in him the moment Chandos appeared on the scene.

"I have been mad!" she muttered. "Yes, I am a coward, and fear drove me out of my senses. Oh, if he were only here, that I might kneel to him and tell him everything, and ask his forgiveness."

In feverish haste she began her letter.

"Dear Dane," she wrote. Then she stopped. Ought she to address him even in the conventional terms of endearment? She who had, though unwittingly, wronged and injured him. From henceforth she and he must be strangers, and she must address him as a stranger.

A tear blotted out the words she had written, as if to confirm her decision. She took a fresh sheet, and with dim eyes, commenced to write again. Rapidly, she set forth the story of Chandos' visit to the cottage, her father's need, which proved Chandos' opportunity, and the manner in which she had been induced to marry him secretly at the old chapel. It was a pathetic, a tragic story, told in the simple and convincing language of the heart, and she had nearly completed it when she heard a footstep on the stairs, a swift yet firm step, which for the moment sent the blood rushing to her face, for it seemed to her like the one she knew and loved. But it could only be Griffith, she thought, and she quickly hid her letter and rose. As she did so, the door opened, and Dane sprang towards her and got her in his arms.

She uttered a cry, a cry of joy that found an echo in his heart, and clung to him, sobbing his name convulsively. "Oh! Dane, Dane!" Then, as if the memory of all that had separated them flashed upon her, she drew away from him, and held him at arm's length.

"You—you—must not touch me—must not stay!" she panted, with white face and sorrow-laden eyes.

"Not stay!" he said, with something very like a smile, as he pressed her hand to his lips.

"No, no!" she breathed. "Ah, you don't know! You don't know, Dane!"

"Do I not?" he said.

"No!" she moaned. "Oh, if I had only told you! I did try! Do—do you remember? But you would not let me, and—and I was a coward and afraid! I—" her voice broke—"I loved you so, Dane; that was why!"

He tried to draw her to him again, but she kept him back.

"I would have told you that day you asked me to marry, but you would not listen. Oh, if I had! if I had! Dane, you—you will not be too hard on me! You will remember that I loved you, that I"—the tears streamed from her eyes, and she sank on her knees at his feet—"that I love you still!"

He tried to raise her, but she would not be raised, and he sank into a chair with his arm round her waist. Her head rested against his heart; her face was turned up to him. And to him, in his joy at recovering her, she had never seemed more lovely, never more worth loving and holding.

"Dane, I have told you all now; now that it is too late. But it has been too late from the beginning. See, I have written it out." She pointed to the table. "You will take it with you when you go, and you must go now, Dane; I have no right to keep you." A heart-breaking sigh escaped her lips. "Take it with you, and—and try and forgive me, Dane. I am not so bad as you think me, as the world will think me. I thought he was dead; they all—Griffith, everybody—thought that it was he who was drowned."

"My dearest, my darling——"

"No, no, don't speak to me," she moaned, "it will rob me of what strength I have if you—you pity me. And I need all my strength, for—for we must part, Dane." She clung to him, the tears coursing down her face. "We must part; I must never see you again. It would be a sin, and yet—oh, God!—I cannot bear it; I cannot!"

"Lyra, Lyra, my darling, listen to me!" he said, his own eyes filled with tears. "I know all——"

"Ah!" She drew a long breath and gazed up at him apprehensively. "All? And—and you forgive me! You can speak to me as you do! Oh, Dane, my husband——" The word reminded her that, as she thought, she had no right to call him by that sacred name, and, with a cry, she drew away from him.

He seized her and drew her against his heart.

"Lyra, Lyra," he said hoarsely, "I tell you I know all. Both of the villains—the man Rawdon and Chandos—have confessed."

"Confessed!" she breathed, with wide-open eyes.

"Yes, yes. Cannot you guess the truth? Think, dearest. What is it that such an unscrupulous scoundrel as Chandos would naturally do?"

She shuddered.

"I don't know what you mean, Dane," she whispered. "I only know that you must not stay here; that we must part!"

His grip on her tightened.

Part! Who shall part us?"

A look of shame, almost of horror, flashed into her eyes.

"No, no," she panted; "save me from myself, Dane. I am weak as water. Save me from myself!"

"My poor child!" he whispered, "there is no need to ask me to save you. You are quite safe, thank God! Do you not understand when I tell you that they have made full and free confession?"

She shook her head. Her hair had escaped its bands, and was falling in a rich flood over her shoulders and partly hid her face.

He put it back, and looked into her eyes with a look that brought the blood burning to her face and made her heart leap.

"Lyra, that marriage was no marriage at all. It was a mock, planned and carried out with devilish cunning by Chandos. The man who performed the sham ceremony was not a clergyman. His name was Rawdon, a school master; he is dead, but before he died he told Martin and me the whole business. You are not, never were—oh, thank God!—Chandos Armitage's wife!"

The blood ebbed from her face and left it deathly white. Sudden joy and relief go near killing sometimes.

"Not—not—his wife! Then—then——"

She crimsoned, face and neck, as her eyes sought his, then dropped from his ardent gaze.

"Yes!" he whispered, answering her look; "yes, you are my wife, Lyra—mine!"

* * * * * *

"Why, you are wet, all wet, Dane," she exclaimed suddenly. "My face, my dress, are wet! Oh, what has happened?"

He laughed. His eyes were bright with his re-found happiness.

"I fell in the water," he said.

"Dane! Tell me the truth! Oh, Dane, don't let us conceal anything from each other—never again—never again!"

"Well," he admitted, almost shamefacedly, "I went in after Chandos, who was drowning—and——"

She shuddered at the sound of his name, and from that day Dane never mentioned it in her hearing again.

"And—and—you saved him?" she breathed.

He nodded slowly.

"Yes. I know I ought to be ashamed of myself, as Griffith has remarked more than once, but——"

She wound her arms round his neck and pressed her lips to his in a passionate, worshiping kiss.

"Oh, Dane, Dane, how noble you are! How—how I love you!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

ST. AUBYN did not put in an appearance at the cottage until past noon the following day. As he came into the garden, Dane rose from the arbor seat, where he had been sitting with Lyra, and wrung his hand.

"There was no need for St. Aubyn to ask if "all were well?" one glance at Dane's face told that the two were once more united.

"How is Lady Dane?" he asked, as if he had come to pay an ordinary morning call.

Dane linked his arm in St. Aubyn's and led him to Lyra.

She was still rather pale, but that awful look which had haunted St. Aubyn had disappeared from her face, and as she gave him her hand something of the old happy light shone in her eyes, mingled with a tender gratitude.

"See for yourself," said Dane.

St. Aubyn's tact and manner were perfect. As if nothing whatever had happened, completely ignoring the tragic incidents of the previous day, he took Lyra's hand, returned its warm pressure, and then sat down beside her and talked of the beauty and richness of Devonshire scenery, filling Lyra's heart with gratitude and Dane with admiration.

Quite calmly and naturally St. Aubyn did all the talking, and sat smoking and chatting for half an hour, then rose, like an ordinary afternoon caller, to take his departure.

"Come back to dinner, old fellow," said Dane, just as he had said in Rome, in London, at Highfield scores of times.

"Yes, yes," said Lyra, in a low voice, and with eager eyes. "Please do."

"Thank you, I shall be very glad," returned St. Aubyn, just as usual.

Dane went with him to the gate and on to the Yaw bank; and, when out of sight of Lyra, he held out his hand and, looking straight into St. Aubyn's eyes, said in a low voice, shaken by emotion—

"What am I to say to you, St. Aubyn?"

"Nothing," said St. Aubyn.

Dane grasped his hand tightly.

"She has told me all, he said.

"Yes," said St. Aubyn, meeting his gaze unflinchingly. "I knew that she would, or I shouldn't have told her. It is for you to say whether you blame me, wish to cut me——"

Dane put his hand on his shoulder.

"Cut you? God bless you, old fellow!" His eyes grew dim. "What a friend you have been to us! What? Do you think I am such a blind idiot as not to understand that your affection for her is an honor to her, and to me too? Do you think she doesn't feel that? St. Aubyn, you have been the truest friend a man ever had, and if"—his voice broke—"if I could I'll tell you what I feel; but I can't, and it's no use trying."

"All right," said St. Aubyn, using Dane's pet words, as he gripped his hand. "We won't say any more."

The two men walked along the riverside in a silence more eloquent than words, then suddenly the sight of the sand-bank glittering in the sunshine recalled the scene of last night to Dane. He started. "What about that scoundrel—what have you done with him?" he asked slowly.

"We took him to the hotel, and put him to bed," said St. Aubyn gravely. "He was very bad."

Dane muttered something.

"Very bad—half delirious, in fact; but I think it was the result of some brandy he got from the hostess as much as his ducking. Martin has taken him up to town."

He paused and lit a cigarette. "He seems to have caught a chill yesterday; heaven—and that wild man of the woods, Griffith—only know how long he had been in the water! Chandos says 'hours;' anyway, he is a perfect wreck. I fancy our villainous friend is given to excessive alcohol, and that he was not in training, so to speak, for yesterday's performance. Last night he repeated his confession, and I think, perhaps for the first time in his life, told the truth."

That saint in a long black coat and white choker, Martin Fanshawe, took Chandos to town. Either his long bath or his terror had played havoc with the accomplished scoundrel, and notwithstanding the best of medical advice, and the unremitting attention of a first-class nurse, the Hon. Mr. Chandos grew exceeding ill. The doctor hinted that a long but secret course of indulgence in alcohol had so undermined Mr. Chandos' constitution that the shock and consequent fever might end fatally. Of course, while there was life there was hope, etc., etc.

But, as he gradually grew weaker, the air of complacency began to leave him. He had "bad quarters of an hour," sighed and groaned in his sleep, and grew hollow-eyed.

One day Martin came up to see him. A glance at the wasted face and sunken eyes, with their unnatural glassy sheen, told Martin that Chandos was nearing the end of a life which had been half farce and half tragedy.

"Well, Fanshawe," said Chandos, with a flicker of his superior and condescending smile, "you have come to see me before I pass beyond 'these garish lights,' as poor Dickens said at his last reading."

Martin looked at him gravely.

"I hope you are not so ill as you think, Chandos."

Chandos eyed him half stealthily.

"I'm dying," he said, with a sudden note of suppressed terror in his voice; "I'm dying, and you know it. I—I want to see Dane."

"To see Dane?"

"Yes," said Chandos, his eyes wandering restlessly round the room. "I—I want to know whether"—he tried to smile, as if he were ashamed of the weakness, but the smile was a ghastly one—"I want to know whether she forgives me!"

"Be assured of that," said Martin, in a low voice. "Lyra is too true a Christian to harbor resentment. She has forgiven you long since, or she would not be so perfectly happy as she is."

"You think so?" said Chandos, uneasily and doubtfully. "It—it seems impossible—impossible!"

"Not for her—not for Lyra," responded Martin. "You have her forgiveness long since. Seek now the forgiveness of heaven."

"Yes, yes! But—but I want to see Dane; I want to hear him say that—that she forgives me. Ask him to come to me. I—I don't think he'll refuse. He"—he turned his head away—"he saved my life—or tried to do so! Tell him that I'm dying, and I shall never trouble him after this—"

A fit of coughing stopped him, and Martin saw that his handkerchief was spotted with blood.

Dane was on the point of starting for the Continent with Lyra, but he came up immediately on the receipt of Martin's telegram.

Chandos was much weaker, but was still propped up amongst the pillows. The bed was strewn with writing and sketching materials, and his guitar, with its pale blue ribbons, lay within reach.

"Dane, I sent for you to ask you if—if—she had really forgiven me. I must know the truth. Fanshawe says 'yes,' but these parsons and nurses and doctors are not to be depended on. They 'humor the patient,' eh? Tell me, and tell me the truth, for God's sake. I can't sleep, I can't rest for thinking of her! She comes to my bedside—there!"—he pointed a skinny finger—"there! she is standing there now! She looks as she looked that day in—in the church"—he shuddered, and hid his eyes in his hands, as if to shut out the vision. "I shall see her, hear her voice, just when I'm dying unless—unless I'm sure she has forgiven me!"

Dane took his hand. I will not say that it did not cost Dane an effort, or that he did not shudder as his fingers came in contact with Chandos' wasted claw; but he held the hand firmly.

"Set your mind at rest, Chandos," he said gravely, earnestly. "Lyra has forgiven you wholly, fully. She told me to tell you so."

Chandos drew a long sigh of relief.

"Thank you, Dane; it's—it's like her! Oh"—he groaned and his head dropped on his breast—"what a beast I have been!"

After this his mind seemed to wander, and, lifting his head, he looked at Dane with a ghastly smile.

"Neatly done, wasn't it?" he muttered plucking at the coverlet with nervous fingers. "Rawdon out of the way—fear will keep his tongue quiet—there is no witness to prove anything even if they charged me. She's thinks I'm her husband—I've saved that money too! No! I forgot! It's gone. That drunken beast of a sailor had my coat on when he stepped over the quay. What! Dane's wife!" He laughed feebly, cunningly. "Dane's wife! Lord, a comedy!"

Dane bore it like a man; and stood silent and motionless while, for nearly a quarter of an hour, Chandos rambled through his villainy. At last his voice died away, and he looked at Dane with returning intelligence.

"You're here still?" he said. "I—I wish you'd go now. I've—I've got what I want, and"—he looked from side to side restlessly, then dropped back on the pillow—"and you disturb me!"

Dane relinquished his hand.

"Good-bye, Chandos," he said solemnly.

The eyes—fearfully like a monkey's in their glittering restlessness—were lifted to Dane's.

"Eh? Good-bye—good-bye!

"When Autumn tints the brittle leaves,
Death—"

Dane went softly from the room much more impressed and moved than if he had found the dying man raving violently.

Chandos died that night.

* * * * * *

Nearly ten months later, on a particularly bright summer afternoon, there was a great stir and bustle at Starminster.

At first sight the "intelligent observer" would have said that these signs portended a wedding; but for once the intelligent observer would have been mistaken.

It was a christening, and this "gathering of all the clans" was to celebrate the naming of the Lord and Lady's first-born, their son and heir.

Three o'clock was the hour fixed for the ceremony, which Martin was to perform in the ivy-grown chapel in the grounds; but long before that the villagers—and not only the villagers, but the tenants and the people from the nearest town—had thronged the lawn, only too delighted to testify by their presence to the unqualified popularity of Lord and Lady Dane.

It was distinctly and emphatically a day of rejoicing. After the christening there were to be some athletic sports; after the sports a dinner, to which all were welcome; and after the dance on the lawn—a dance which was to continue till the moon had dipped behind the hills beyond the park.

I suppose in the great—and good?—time coming, such a gathering, such a scene, will be impossible. Well, the old order changeth, giving place to new; but for artistic and other reasons the disappearance of the old feudalism will be regretted. Anyway, the old order was in full force that day. There was not a man, woman, or child who did not feel as if they had a part and lot in the matter. It was almost as if Lady Dane's child were their child, Dane and his wife's happiness their happiness; and every face was decked with smiles as the hour of three approached, and the big crowd gathered with one accord at the bottom of the flight of steps leading to the house.

As the clock struck, a group of persons emerged from the hall, and stood looking down at the crowd.

First came Dane and Lyra and the earl, for the old man, though he leant with his right hand on his sixpenny oak stick, held Lyra's arm with his left.

At sight of them the crowd set up a loud cheer, and cries of "Long live the earl!" "Long live Lord and Lady Dane!" rose heartily.

Very beautiful and very happy Lyra looked that day; and there was some excuse for the proud smile with which Dane glanced at his wife as he raised his hat in response to the cheers.

Close behind them came Martin and Theodosia and St. Aubyn.

A cheer greeted them also, for the crowd knew, in a vague way, that Lord and Lady Dane had gone through some trouble, and that the calm, pleasant-looking man with the iron-grey hair had proved a true friend; and the Fanshawes were also known and respected.

But when, immediately behind them, Mary—that most important personage, "baby's nurse"—appeared with the precious infant in her arms, a roar of delight welcomed her, and made her honest face turn crimson.

"Lawk's sake, they'll wake the darling!" she said to Griffith, who limped by her side, and she soothed and crooned to it in the accepted fashion.

The crowd made a lane for the principal performers in the ceremonial to pass through, and the children, admirably drilled and marshalled by the schoolmistress, strewed their path with flowers, which, in honor of the babe, were all of white.

Slowly, to the music of the brass band, which proudly led the van, the procession made its way to the church.

It was too small to hold all who were present, but all who could crowded and squeezed their way in; and presently, as the organ poured out its music, Martin came down the aisle, robed in his white surplice, his usually stern face softened by the rare smile which—so his wife declared—made him look like a saint.

In deep impressive tones he commenced the familiar service. The congregation listened reverently, but a stir—the stir of suppressed excitement—ran through them when Martin said, "Name this child," and St. Aubyn, stepping forward, said in a low, but clear voice that could be heard by all—

"St Aubyn Dane."

To the delight of all present, the baby smiled placidly until the water fell on its face, then it uttered the proper cry—one cry only—and was immediately seized and hushed by Mary.

The crowd poured out of the church, and made its way to the marquee, in which awaited them a dinner which afforded them a topic of conversation for many a year after. Towards the close of the meal Dane and Lyra, with the earl, St. Aubyn, and Martin and Theodosia, entered the huge tent, and a cheer, that was more like a roar, welcomed them.

With the color coming and going on her lovely face, Lyra clung to her husband's arm and looked around with a smile upon the friendly faces all turned towards her.

The old earl touched her on the shoulder.

"Give me your arm, my dear," he said.

She took his hand and drew it within her arm, and lifting his grey head proudly the old man raised his voice.

"You do not need to be told, friends and neighbors, that you are welcome."

"No, no!" rose the responsive shout, "Long live the earl!"

The old man smiled.

"Say, rather, long live his son," he said. "I am an old man, friends; but my old age has been blessed, not only by a son and daughter to cheer me with their love"—he raised Lyra's hand to his lips, and the action was greeted by a frantic cheer—"but by a grandson, who will, I trust, not only inherit my name, but your friendship and love, which are dearer to me than any empty title."

"The earl! Health and long life to him!" someone shouted.

"No, no!" said the old man. "Drink to the health of my son and daughter."

"No!" said Lyra, and low and tremulous as her voice was it reached every ear.

There was rather an awkward pause. But one man was equal to the emergency. St. Aubyn, who had stood at a modest distance surveying the proceedings with a pleasant smile, here stepped forward, and catching up a glass raised it above his head.

"Long life and happiness to St. Aubyn Dane!" he cried.

The happy inspiration was accepted and acted upon with unanimous promptitude, and as everyone sprang to his feet, the cry—

"Long life and happiness to St. Aubyn Dane!" rent the air.

* * * * *

The Mill Cottage still stands, but it is now the centre of a large and thriving farm, of which its owner—Griffith—is justly proud. But he is still prouder of the fact that every year, early in May, when Devonshire is at its best, Lady Dane and her children come and take up their quarters there.

For a couple of weeks the happy children and their no less happy mother roam and romp unchecked by the banks of the Yaw, and up the valley in which "father taught mother to fish for trout." Dane is always with them on these visits, and not seldom St. Aubyn makes one of the party. He is quite grey now, and looks years older than Dane, but the sadness and melancholy have long since left him.

What man can be melancholy or brood over a past misery while he is surrounded by half a dozen bright-eyed children, who are never so happy as when they have "Uncle Hyn" to play with them, or, better still, when clustering at his knees, they have persuaded him to tell them, not one, but a dozen stories?

They are never too rough, never too noisy for him, though often the mother gently chides them, and offers to rescue him from their assaults.

"Let them alone, Lady Dane," he always says, as he puts the arms of the last mite round his neck or hoists it proudly on his shoulder. "Somebody has told them that I'm fond of them, and its too late now to try and persuade them that they are mistaken! Let them alone!"

[THE END.]

Scientific and Useful.

LINSEED OIL.—An electric process for making linseed oil into varnish has been patented by a German. The purified oil is thoroughly mixed with sulphuric acid and water, and acted upon by the current for two or three hours, the oxygen produced in the nascent state converting, it is said, the oil into colorless varnish.

REFORM INK.—A new ink, described as "reform ink," has been brought out in Hanover. It is a thin fluid, which allows as many as four copies to be taken, and still shows a good deep black shade. "Reform ink" can also be made for ordinary writing. It is stated that, even after a long lapse of time, neither of these inks fade.

IN THE REAR.—Putting the cart before the horse is no longer a mere conception. In France it is now an accomplished fact. An inventor has produced a street-car or omnibus, not drawn, but driven with gearing from a treadmill attached to the rear of the vehicle and supported on wheels. The horse, therefore, rides while he works.

EVOLUTION.—The theory of evolution has revolutionized botany. We look now upon a flower, not as an independent creation, but as a form which began centuries ago in a more primitive outline, and has adapted its shape to the present. We look upon the flower from the point of view of structural botany, and then from that of the philosophical botany, or what we may call the Darwinian point of view.

FOLDING BED.—A new folding bed has been invented. It is styled "a combination billiard table, folding bed and settee." A billiard table which is really first class, with tip-top cushions and all appliances of the first order, which can be converted at will into a folding bed or settee, is a novelty, even in the country which claims to have originated that sort of thing, and to have made a bed capable of being changed into almost anything between a simple armchair and a bookcase full of dummy volumes.

Farm and Garden.

FEEDING.—Animals cannot be fed by a rule. Each one must receive what it may require, and this can be only known by observation. Animals differ, and the quantity of food that may satisfy the demands of one may be insufficient for another.

PROFIT.—The largest profit to the farmer is in fat animals, and butchers will pay more per pound for them because they also can secure a larger profit. When an animal has made the frame, by growth, the fat is then the cheapest form of meat, and can be produced in a short time.

UNDERBRUSH.—By clearing out the underbrush and refuse, not only from the fences and other places, but where piles have accumulated in the forest, there will be less liability of forest fires. Green trees do not take fire quickly. It is the dry material that causes the damage.

GROUND BONE.—A heavy application of ground-bone will produce excellent results for several years, for the reason that the bone gives off its particles slowly, and is not dissolved for several seasons. For immediate results acidulated rock or bone superphosphate should be used. In the latter form there is always a fair proportion of nitrogen.

MILKING.—English dairymen fear that the invention of a successful milking machine would have the same effect on the price of butter that labor-saving machinery had upon the price of wheat. Labor saving machinery benefits the countries where land is cheap and labor dear at the expense of the countries where land is high and labor cheap.

PLANTS.—Investigations and observation on the health of plants in cities indicate that sulphurous acid, hydrocarbons and other poisonous substances held in suspension in fogs have a deleterious influence on plants, also that the darkness caused by fog reduces chlorophyll activity and diminishes starch production. Ferns and other shade-loving plants are less affected than those requiring sunshine. Look in the country for the healthiest plants and brightest flowers.

SOONER OR LATER a neglected Cold will develop a constant cough, shortness of breath, failing strength, and wasting of flesh, all symptomatic of some serious Lung affection, which may be avoided or palliated by using in time Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant.

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Chance Acquaintances.

The natural selection of people and scenes made by memory is inexplicably curious. Acquaintances who have been associated in the past, as schoolmates, neighbors, or friends, meet and recall old times, the folks once known, the pleasant doings, the bright sayings, the startling incidents, but each of the remembrancers is surprised to discover both his own partial forgetfulness and that of his friends. Situations so delightful that one would have thought no appreciative observer could have allowed them to fade from the memory have been forgotten, or but vaguely retained by one or more of the spectators.

Some of the scenes are instantly recognized when described, and those who had let such good tales slip exclaim, "How stupid of us not to have recollected that!" It seems as if each observer had preserved only here a little and there a little, the selection being partly due to temperament and partly to chance. This caprice causes us to retain the oddest little memories, though important scenes have not left a trace.

The power of making chance acquaintances, and seeing matters of passing interest in a light that will cause them to be remembered, is not by any means universally possessed, and often it is atrophied by custom. It is true that from time to time one meets people who are given up to seeing and hearing some new thing. Their whole life eddies hither and thither on a shallow ripple of curiosity.

They must talk to everybody they see, they are like the inquirer in the comic poem who button-holed the scissors-grinder, and was long in discovering that he had no tale to tell; always on the move to intercept experiences, they never live with them long enough to be affected by them. They fuss and rush after every stranger. If they are staying in a place of public resort, you may be quite sure that they will be the first to interview the arrivals, and the first to drop them in search of fresh acquaintances.

We may put people of this kind out of the count, for they are actuated by love of gossip rather than interest in human life and character; they see the world all the while in passing, as natural scenes glide by the railway train and leave no fixed impressions. The people who are really successful in making chance acquaintances, that is in meeting men and women casually and drawing them out until the temporary relationship has produced experiences worth remembering, are usually endowed with an inquiring mind, a sympathetic nature, and a delight in genially watching the play of human character.

An aptitude for knowing anybody and everybody, if circumstances require it, is far from common. Often those who have the power of picking up chance acquaintances, with much interest to themselves, are very strictly limited in their range. But such self-conscious people are at any rate better than the formal set who cannot make chance acquaintances at all.

For the men and women who, because of pride, shyness, or snobbishness, fail to know other human beings through chance meetings, lose a vast amount of interest in life, especially when it is dullest. There is the true feeling of the wholesome-hearted man who steps boldly forward, unhampered by conventionality, and ready to make a good use of all opportunities of remunerative casual acquaintance that may come in his way.

We began by referring to the chance pictures that remain in the memory; those pictures are likely to be interesting and instructive in proportion as our experience has been varied and our acquaintance with men wide and personal. The narrowing of life within home and business circles is tantamount to the laying-up of stores of dulness when age makes activity burdensome. We do not, of course, say that men and women, whether young or in their prime, should wander forth, seeing the world and hobnobbing with whomsoever they may chance to meet.

And we are well aware that there are many whose power of discernment is so faulty and whose character so greatly lacks stability that they are always safest under a protecting wing or tethered with a narrow range of flight; but the person of average robustness will be developed by taking life as it comes, by knowing all kinds of men first-hand, if such knowledge can be conveniently gained.

This acquaintance with life is less a matter of formal study than of utilizing the chances of quiet observation that come to the natural and fairly affable spectator. It would be interesting to inquire how our novelists have gained their intimate acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men, and so have been able not only to fathom motives, but to describe minutely the minor habits and reproduce the talk of people far removed from the social circle in which the novelist chiefly lives. There is no mystery about some of them.

Dickens had a personal acquaintance with London life that was, like Sam Weller's, "extensive and peculiar." Thackeray rarely sought his characters outside of "society" or its hangers-on. Miss Austin described precisely the kind of middle-class existence in the midst of which she lived. But how did George Eliot make her studies? The public-house scenes in "Silas Marner" and "Janet's Repentance" are so minutely faithful that one might imagine the novelist had occupied the chimney-corner of the inn again and again.

Yet George Eliot in her later years gave no signs of study of out-of-the-way life. She was one of the least likely among women to make chance acquaintances; but at some time she must have been gifted with the knack of winning confidence, putting people at their ease, and sustaining a spirit of comradeship when she was casually thrown into the company of strangers. It is an art which we might all cultivate with advantage. The studiously select may avoid some human characteristics that are offensive, but they are the poorer in what is interesting and dramatic in life, and they miss a useful training in adaptability, charity and a belief in the widespread prevalence of human worth.

ALL evil has within it the tendency to decay, and will do so unless we keep it alive by giving it prominence. Yet, even if this were not so, we should have no right to diffuse it to the affliction of others. To blow the smoke of our own troubles into the faces of our friends is selfish and unjust.

PRESCOTT, the historian, was as regular in his habits as clockwork, and among his invariable habits was that of listening every day, for the space of an hour, to some story or tale read to him by his wife or his secretary. He needed this kind of mental refreshment as a relief from his grave study, as much as he needed sleep, or exercise in the open air. And what he required, every mind requires. Stories, therefore, are as necessary to the preservation of the human intellect as any other kind of literary exercise.

THE courage of high endeavor is not the courage of endurance; the enthusiasm that laughs at obstacles and difficulties is very different from the experience which realizes them; the self-confidence which has no thought of limitations is quite unlike the humility which has found and accepted them; the hopefulness which has never been crushed scarcely resembles the modest hope which may spring up after failure or disappointment, content to strive for small things when great ones are impossible.

TIME is like a creditor, who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last. Time is like a verb that can only be used in the present tense. Time, well employed, gives that health and vigor to the soul which rest and retirement afford to the body. Time never sits heavily on us but when it is badly employed. Time is a grateful friend; use it well, and it never fails to make a suitable requital.

WORK, every hour, paid or unpaid; see only that thou workest, and thou canst not escape thy reward. Whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting corn or writing epics, so only that it be honest work done in thine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the senses as well as to the thought. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

THE man who prizes truth will search for it, dig for it, test it, and avoid all that is in any way inimical to it. His candor is not that of the flippant talker, who chatters on without reserve, both of what he knows and of what he knows not, but rather that of the wise truth-lover, who, while not a niggard in words, yet weighs them and sorts them until they express his real meaning.

GLUTTONY is the source of all our infirmities, and the foundation of all our diseases. As a lamp is choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural health of the body destroyed by intemperate diet.

WHEN a woman is made up wholly of the simplicity of the dove, without the least grain of the wisdom of the serpent in her disposition, she becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits her best actions.

ALL pleasure must be bought at the expense of pain. The difference between false pleasure and true, is just like this: for the true the price is paid before you enjoy it, for the false afterwards.

FAILURE, disappointment, and defeat constitute a considerable part of human life, and much of our welfare depends upon the way in which we accept them, and the results which we wrest from them.

THE formation and steady pursuit of some particular plan in life has justly been considered as one of the most permanent sources of happiness.

AS continued health is vastly preferable to the happiest recovery from sickness, so is innocence to the truest repentance.

WE are all apt to forget that happiness grows at our own fireside, and is not to be picked up in strangers' houses.

NOTHING weighs so heavily as gratitude when one owes it to the ungrateful.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M.—**In nearly all Christian countries** the custom of coloring eggs has long been observed. They were often, also, elaborately ornamented.

C. S.—**According to trustworthy authorities** stammering or stuttering can be cured by patiently following out a prescribed method of deliberate speaking.

D. L.—**Tea plant is an evergreen shrub** which when wild grows as high as 25 or 30 feet, but when cultivated it is kept pruned, and its height reduced to about 5 feet.

L. N.—**There is no impropriety in boy** and girl friends exchanging little presents, or wearing rings owned by either; **but when** they have arrived at years of discretion, such familiarity should cease.

P. T. T.—**The identity of the famous** prisoner of the Bastile, **known in history as** "The Man with the Iron Mask," **has never** been fully established, **notwithstanding** the researches of many eminent men.

BELLE.—1. **It is the French term for** brandy, but it literally means "water of life." 2. Glycerine is the best thing for the hands; a little rubbed on every time you wash your hands and before retiring at night is a good thing.

BEDELL.—**Nickel is a modern metal;** it was not in use or known till 1715. Its alloy with steel is superior in hardness and toughness to any other metal. Even when combined as low as five per cent. it prevents oxidation.

E. R. G.—**Rice is nutritious and easy of** digestion, and entirely free from laxative properties. It should be well boiled. More than nine tenths of rice is made up of starch and water, and about a third of the other tenth is made up of gluten.

GEORGE J.—1. **According to the rhyme** you are evidently alluding to, "Thursday's child has to work for its living." 2. People are more enlightened nowadays than to believe in such silly superstitions. Such things are generally only quoted in fun.

D. C.—**Be guided in all things by the ad**vice of your mother, and never commit any action of which you would feel ashamed in her presence. It would be far more sensible to eschew nonsensical flirtations and turn your attention to a more sensible occupation.

F. F.—**The Spanish piece of money, not**withstanding the fact of its bearing such an ancient date, has no special value on account of the large number of similar specimens in existence. It is the rarity of a coin and not its old date that causes it to be held at a premium.

DISPUTE.—**Whether a water-wheel runs** faster at night than in the day is a problem over which scientific readers of a German paper have been puzzling. The leading opinion is that the wheel does run faster at night, for the reason that the water is cooler and somewhat more dense than when warmed by the sun.

LITTLE.—**We do not quite understand** your question. The fact of the young man's being "very nice" to you whenever you have met, is hardly a proof that he is in love with you; but if such is the case, we should imagine that he will find some way of letting you know it. In any case you cannot do anything but wait.

G. L.—**Rio la Plata means river of sil**ver; Orinoco, coiled serpent; Jamaica, land of wood and water; Porto Rico, rich port; Andes, metal, especially copper; Venezuela, Little Venice; Valparaiso, Vale of Paradise; Alleghany, endless; Himalaya, abode of snow; Arizona, sand hills; Azores, a hawk; Merrimac, swift water; Palestine, land of wanderers.

BLANCHE I.—**We are frequently asked** for "a cure for blushing," and we as frequently reply that the only cure is to overcome your self-consciousness; if your mind were not continually dwelling upon yourself and what other people are thinking of, you would forget to blush and look awkward. Therefore, your best plan is to try and think more of others and less of yourself.

I. G. B.—**Aluminum is not, section for** section, a very strong metal. It is only one-half as strong as wrought-iron. It has a very low elastic limit. It is not rigid, but bends under a transverse strain readily. It is in its alloys that its utility commences to appear. With from eight to twelve per cent. of copper, or aluminium bronze, we have one of the densest, finest grained, and strongest metals known.

SPRING.—**How water, commonly called** sap, necessary to the life of a tree, passes from the roots to the topmost leaf and evaporates, is a problem not yet solved by botanists. It is known that the ascent is made chiefly in cavities in the sap-wood only, the heart and bark serving other purposes. That is the extent of our knowledge of the matter. Beyond is mere conjecture, and every theory yet advanced has failed to stand the test of experiment.

READER.—**The Spanish Order of Golden** Fleece is identical in origin with the Austrian, both being derived from the Order founded in 1429 by Philip III. at Bruges, where there is a church in which each of the Knights has a stall. The separation of the two Orders took place in 1700, on the death of the last Hapsburg king of Spain; and the dispute which then arose is unsettled yet. The Knights have an old claim to be tried by the Chapter of the Order in case of any accusation of crime, and by no other authority whatever.

TWO PICTURES.

BY W. W. L.

Dark clouds roll upward from the west,
The sun is growing pale,
And o'er the moorlands gray and cold,
Come mutterings of the gale.

But from yon window gleams a light,
And Mary waits for me,
Where all is bright with tender love,
Beside the ingle-tree.

A Business Idyll.

BY. K. D.

HOW very abominable men are, when they fall in love! They seem to lose all sense of right or wrong. They become u terly unscrupulous, and even habitually truthful men will develop a tendency to prevaricate, when there is a woman in the case. If you want to know how bad a man is, you should find out how he got his wife to accept him.

The firm of Phelps and Doolan, American and general merchants, is well known in the City. They do a big business, and are looked upon as smart people. Ten years ago the firm was John Paelps and Company, and John Phelps was sole partner. When his son Dick grew old enough he came into the business, and soon afterwards his father retired, the strain and worry being too much for his failing health. Doolan did not join the firm until three years later, and thus Dick was left to manage the business alone.

For so young a man he was remarkably shrewd and clear-headed, he seldom made mistakes; he never missed an opportunity; and he never lost his temper—even on mail days. Consequently the business expanded under his care like a pear in the sun,

He was no recluse, however, wrapped up in his work, and never giving a thought to other things. He went into society a good deal, and had more invitations than he could accept. For he belonged to that rare and almost extinct species known in the marriage market as "the plum." Was he not a bachelor of seven-and-twenty, with a large income, no particularly vicious tastes, and, beyond all, a house in Sloane street?

"So different, you know, from those horrid men who live in chambers," as Lady Contour remarked. "One never knows what they do there; but when a man has a house and four servants, he must be respectable."

This argument was irrefutable, and the chase went on with renewed vigor. But Dick was wary, and not to be caught with the grain society usually lays out for birds of rich plumage.

He denied with Mrs. Hope, but was obviously bored when asked to turn over music for Miss Hope in the back drawing-room. He danced at Lady Velaston's, but absolutely refused to sit out two dances running with the daughter of the house, in a quiet corner of the conservatory.

And it was not that he was averse to marriage. On the contrary, it was distinctly affirmed that he had been heard to say how dull his house was with nobody but himself in it, and how he wished he had some children to make the place lively.

And so time went on, and mothers with daughters began to despair, and Dick began to laugh at love, and say he should never marry.

And let it be here remarked that when a man gets to this state, he is as good as engaged.

It was a lovely morning in early June, and Sloane Street looked as only Sloane Street can look, with the fresh green of Cadogan Gardens, and over all a haze which the sun was not yet strong enough to dispel.

Dick left home with the intention of walking to Charing Cross. He expected a man from America, and wanted to call at the Grand Hotel to see if he had arrived.

The clerk in the inquiry office was not sure. There was a gentleman of that name, and he would find out if he was the one.

Dick was mean while turned loose in the hall. He looked at the clock, and the newspaper stall, and the post-box, and thought what a lot of people it must take to keep the place going, and wondered if there were anybody staying there whom he knew, and in fact endeavored to destroy five minutes of his life with the least possible difficulty. Suddenly he looked up, and saw a beautiful sight. It was a girl—of course.

Not an ordinary girl by any means. It is a merciful provision of nature that the majority of English girls are (there is no denying the fact) plain; and thus the British voter can go about his business with calm spirit, and give his whole attention to the increase of national prosperity in relation to the individual.

This girl would have upset any amount of the most stolid of Her Majesty's subjects.

Just imagine—a girl about twenty, with a proper figure, dark grey eyes, long, dark lashes, a slightly drooping mouth, a complexion beyond the keen of a Londoner; crisp brown-gold hair: and—rarest and most important item—beautiful hands and feet. It is not to be supposed that Dick took in all this at once. One cannot understand Wagner in a moment, and beauty is a more subtle thing than Wagner.

Just then the boy returned to say that the man was not there, and when Dick turned round again, the girl had vanished.

He was already late for the City, and could not afford to waste any more time, so he hailed a cab and drove off. But the vision remained. Even when opening his letters, it kept coming back with terrible persistency, and refused to be put aside.

"Who is she? What a fool I was not to ask. Can I decently go back again? I would give anything to find out about her."

These thoughts recurred again and again, and at last, in sheer desperation, he took up the Times, and endeavored to fix his mind on "Railway and other companies." Phelps and Co. had agents in most parts of the world, but their chief trade was with New York, where the firm of Pixey Brothers looked after their interests.

These people were in the habit of drawing bills and issuing letters of credit on the London house, and when doing so it was the custom for two of the partners to sign jointly for the firm.

Dick was still engaged in reading the Times when he was interrupted by the entrance of one of his clerks.

"Well," said Dick, "what do you want?"

"This draft of Pixey Brothers has been presented for payment, but it has only one signature on it, instead of two. Shall we pay it? I thought I had better ask you."

"Let me see, 'Miss Margaret North, twenty pounds.' Oh, yes, it's such a small amount. Pay it. Wait a moment though—who presents it?"

"A young lady, Miss North."

"American?"

"I don't think so."

"Show her in."

Dick was restless and disinclined to work, so he thought a little feminine society would do him good, and the draft was a sufficient excuse for seeing the lady. A moment later the door opened to admit—the girl he had seen in the Grand Hotel. He actually blushed, and his usual sangfroid deserted him in the most cowardly manner.

At last, after what seemed to him an hour (it was really about fifteen seconds), he stammered out:

"Er—er—Miss—er—North?"

"Yes, that is my name. I hope there is nothing wrong with the check?"

"Oh! yes, yes. Please sit down, I will see about it."

She was as cool and self-possessed as he was the reverse, and she looked so awfully neat in her blue serge gown and big hat, while he felt sure that his tie was crooked, and grew painfully conscious that his boots turned up at the toes.

She was a revelation to him. It was not only that she was pretty, and all that, but there was a something about her—an innate grace—which he had never discovered in anyone before, and he felt that she was very necessary to his future happiness. In fact he fell in love with her.

He wheeled a chair up to the window for Her, and then crossed the room to his table, where he ensconded himself behind the huge roll-top, and tried to think.

"What can I do? How can I possibly prevent her from going away? I won't lose this second chance. What can I do? I must find a way! Ah! It's frightfully mean, but I'll do it. And besides, it's all for ultimate good."

Men always seem to think that when they marry it is a good thing for the girl. In nine cases out of ten it is a far better thing for the man.

Dick got up, and going into the outer office, told the porter that he could see no one, and was not to be disturbed on any account. Then he went back. Miss North was sitting by the window. He had quite recovered his self-possession, and, going slowly towards her, he began:

"About this draft, you know; the signature is irregular, and I am afraid I cannot possibly pay it."

"Oh! But it must be all right. My father got it for me in New York, and it is all the money I have."

She was standing up now, and Dick could see the trouble in her eyes, and wondered if she was going to cry.

"Cannot you telegraph about it?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I could do that. Do you mind waiting? It would take some time."

"Oh! I can wait, or come back again if you like.

"Oh, no! Please wait. I'll see to it at once."

Dick had made up his mind to play a bold game. If he lost, it would probably lead to a row with Pixey Brothers; but if he won—ah! if he won——

He knew a good many people in New York, among others a broker on Wall Street, and to him he sent a telegram, asking him to wire the New York price of Union Pacific Railroad Shares. He had not the slightest intention of wiring to Pixey or paying the draft, and this was the best devise he could think of, to make Miss North imagine that he had done as she asked. She was leaning back in her chair, looking rather miserable, and he went over and began to talk. But she was cold and reserved, and he could get little more than monosyllables from her, so he returned to his work. His eyes kept wandering in her direction, and it was in vain that he tried to write a letter.

At last one o'clock came, and he bagan to feel inclined for lunch. He generally lunched in the office, and he wondered if she would be offended if he asked her to lunch with him.

"I—er—I generally lunch in the office," he began.

"Please don't let me interrupt you. I will go away," she broke in rising.

"Don't do that. I was going to ask if you would be kind enough to help me."

"Thank you, no!" she said, coloring slightly.

"But you must be hungry. Can't I persuade you?"

"Thank you. I am not in the habit of accepting hospitability from people I don't know." This with freezing politeness.

Most men would have been thoroughly crushed by this, but Dick, except when off his guard, had boldness enough for anything. He merely walked out of the room, and told the porter to get lunch for two, as good as possible, and a bottle of champagne.

It was not long coming, and the porter was soon busy laying the table—for two, as Miss North noticed with indignation. "He thinks I am going to lunch with him, but I won't; no, not if he went down on his knees and asked me. Odious man! I wish he would pay me my money, and then I could be as rude to him as I liked."

When luncheon was ready and the porter had withdrawn, Dick said:

"Will you come to luncheon? It is ready."

"I think I told you I did not want any lunch."

"Oh! Very well. I'm sorry."

Dick sat down at his desk, and began to write, and the luncheon remained untouched. There was dead silence, broken only by the scratching of his pen. Miss North glanced first at the lunch and then at Dick, and began to feel uncomfortable. He did'nt look so odious after all; and besides, she was hungry.

Five minutes passed, and at last she said, rather pitcously—

"Aren't you going to eat your lunch son? It will be cold."

"Not without you," hardly looking up from his work.

More silence. Then—

"If you won't, I suppose I must."

Most ungrammatical sentence, but Dick wanted no other, and they were soon seated opposite each other at the table. The porter had done his duty. There were oysters, and a roast chicken with green peas, and a cherry tart with cream, besides grapes and biscuits and all those things that women like.

Miss North seemed rather surprised.

"How, luxurious you are," she said; "do you always lunch like this?"

"Oh, yes!" with a laugh. "It's part of the business."

She was shy and cold at first, but afterwards she began to talk, and they were soon good friends. It is curious how in England sociability and eating are so united. It is so in other countries?

Miss North had never been in England before. She had come alone, as her father could not spare the time to accompany her, and she was stopping a day in London, before going to Chippenham, where she had relations.

"How beautiful England seems after New York," she exclaimed. "I do so wish we lived over here; but my father won't—or can't. He says he can't, but I believe it's won't."

"Perhaps you will live here after all."

"No chance of that, I am afraid. I would give anything to do so."

"Anything?"

"Well, you know what I mean."

"Yes, I know what you mean," rather sadly.

The conversation lapsed, and they sat silent for a few moments, until they were interrupted by the entrance of a clerk with a telegram—the telegram.

Dick walked to the window and read it.

"Union Pacific 39¾, buyers."

"Humph! Hope she won't ask to see it," he thought. "It will be a frightful thing for me if anything goes wrong now."

"Here is the answer to my telegram, Miss North," he began. "I am really very sorry, but I cannot pay you the money."

"Not pay? But—but what shall I do That is all the money I have got, and——'

She looked very lovely, standing there with the tears in her eyes, and it required all Dick's self control to keep him from blurting out the truth. There was a moment's pause before she again spoke.

"Thank you very much for the trouble you have taken. Will you give me the check? I must arrange something else."

Dick now felt it was time to give in, and said:

"One has to be careful in such matters, Miss North, but I see you are in trouble. If you will permit me to help you I shall be pleased to offer any assistance in my power."

She flushed at this and was silent for a minute. Dick thought she was offended. At last she spoke.

"I don't know why you are so kind to me. As I told you, I came to London yesterday alone, from New York, and I am staying at the Grand Hotel. Beyond a little American silver, I have no money at all, as my father thought it wiser to give me a check which I could get cashed in London; and now you say it is useless I don't know what to do. I am going to Chippenham, to some aunts of mine, and if I can only reach them, they will give me whatever I want. Would you—would you——" Her color was coming and going, and Dick thought she looked prettier than ever in her anxiety.

"Please don't be disturbed," he said gently. "If you will allow me to help you I shall be only too glad. I can't bear to see you in trouble."

"Thank you very much. I shall never forget your kindness. You have done me a greater service than I can ever hope to repay."

"Oh! don't! Will you leave me your address at Chippenham, that I may let you know when the check has been put right? Perhaps you will write it down. Thank you."

Dick gave her some money, and she said good-bye.

"Hope she won't tumble on the truth," he thought; "how scornful she would be. I expect she can be fairly nasty when she gets angry. Poor girl! How jolly she looked." Two days afterwards there came a letter from her, returning the money. Only a few lines, but it seemed a good deal to him. And then he sent her the twenty pounds. He did not wish to be arrested for fraud, and he knew that she would write to her father at once.

Dick was very badly hit, and for days and nights together he could do nothing but think of her. Things worried him, too, and his temper got bad. It became an effort to talk to people, and whenever he danced with a girl, he could not help thinking how much nicer it would be if she was Margaret North. This went on for three weeks, and then he gave up fighting.

"It is not a bit of use. I must see her again. Anything is better than this, even if she refuse me. I will go a d see her, come what may."

The next morning found him in the train, bound for Chippenham. He got there soon after one, and after lunching and leaving his bag at the hotel, set out to walk the three miles to the village where Miss North was staying.

It was a blazing hot day, and there was not a particle of shade on the dusty road, so Dick was not sorry when he reached his destination.

It was a two-storeyed cottage, covered with ivy, with a small verandah and a fair sized garden at the side. Undoubtedly a lady's house, but very small. Miss

North's aunts were evidently not rich. Dick rang the bell, and inquired for Miss North.

"In the garden, I think sir," said the servant. "If you will come into the drawing room I will tell her you are here."

"Oh! you needn't trouble. I will go and find her. Round here?"

"Yes, sir; on the lawn, I expect." Miss North was lying in the shade in a long deck chair (a relic of her voyage) reading a novel. Male visitors, or indeed visitors of any kind, were few and far between at the cottage, and her attitude was more comfortable than conventional, as she lay with one shoe off, and her hat tilted over her eyes. The turf was soft, and Dick approached unnoticed until quite close to her.

"How do you do," he began.

"Oh! How you startled me! I didn't know anybody was there," flushing hotly as she sat up in the chair, and made a dive for the missing shoe. "I do so hate being taken by surprise," she added crossly.

"You don't seem very glad to see me."

"Were you vain enough to suppose that I should be?"

"Well—er—no."

"Very well then, why do you grumble?" Then thinking she had been unnecessarily rude, she went on more civilly: "I suppose you are down here on business. It is very good of you to trouble yourself to come and see us. My aunts will be pleased."

"I am not down here on business, and I did not come to see your aunts."

"Oh!" shortly.

"I wanted to ask you a question," he said slowly. "Quite a simple one, but it means a good deal to me. I am a very ordinary, plain sort of man, with nothing particular to recommend me, but I don't think I could love you any more than I do, even if I were the cleverest man in England. I came to ask you to be my wife. Is there any chance—Margaret?" he added tenderly, as he bent over her.

There was a still, sweet, silence, broken only by the sound of kisses.

Let us turn away from the further contemplation of Nature's Great Picture, which was never intended for exhibition.

One day on board ship, as Dick and his wife were returning from America—they were married in New York—he confessed his enormities in regard to the check; but Margaret was merciful, as she ever is merciful to her husband's many shortcomings.

However, now that he was married, it was thought advisable that he should have a partner to look after him, so the firm became Phelps and Doolan.

Her Likeness.

BY T. L. R.

YES, he does look nice!"

Becky tilted the shutters a little more, and pressed her pretty nose against them, while the morning breeze, thus admitted, stirred her yellow hair and the dark-blue ribbons on her light blue dress.

"And he is as nice as he looks, Rebecca," said Aunt Eliza, standing close behind her niece, a black cashmere background of ample proportions. "I am critical in the matter of young men; I am by no means easily pleased; but I can say, with truth, that Geoffrey Sanford is all that could be desired. He is a thoroughly excellent young man."

Becky strained her blue eyes to study the young man in question. She wondered whether a "thoroughly excellent" young man could be jolly. The phrase was formidable; but Geoffrey Sanford didn't look so.

He was on his lawn, or his father's, which adjoined Aunt Eliza's, in the act of setting up a tripod of an amateur photographing apparatus. He was tallish, dark-eyed, very well dressed, and good-looking.

Becky was decidedly pleased with him, externally. She began to be glad she had accepted Aunt Eliza's invitation for six weeks before going to the seaside.

"When will he call?" she queried, softly, as Aunt Eliza turned towards the door.

"Immediately; probably this evening. Geoffrey is attentive to social requirements," Aunt Eliza rejoined with pride.

Geoffrey—Becky mentally called him Geoffrey—had got his small camera on to the tripod, and was facing it this way and that, stooping often to look through it.

What Becky didn't know about photography would, in cant phrase, have filled a large book; but she was aware that he was trying to fix upon a view.

He looked handsome and debonair in his blue tourist's jacket, and his straw hat on the back of his head.

Becky stood for a moment in bright-eyed approval. Then she fluttered to the mirror.

Her dress was becoming, and—it would be just as well to have his first impression a good one!

She patted her hair, and straightened her collar, and pulled out a ribbon, and stepped through the low window and sank into the hammock hung between two of the porch pillars. She pulled the folds of her dress into an artistic twist, and tilted gently to and fro.

Of course she was not turned towards Geoffrey; on the contrary, the back of her head was towards him. But she could see him quite plainly in the glass door through which he had come; it was swung at precisely the right angle.

He did not appear to have seen her; Becky silently admired his good breeding. He went on turning his camera about and ducking down to peer through it.

Then he looked in her direction, and looked steadily for some minutes, with his head contemplatively on one side.

Becky's approval melted away. She grew pink and indignant.

How impertinent! how horrid! Of course she had been willing that he should see her—she had meant that he should—but to stand and stare like that! If he thought it was funny—

She was keeping her indignant eyes on the glass door, and she gave a start and a little, horrified murmur.

Geoffrey was slipping a plate into the camera, and peering through it and adjusting the focus; he was going to photograph her.

She waited, breathless and incredulous.

He couldn't be—not after Aunt Eliza's fulsome praise of him. Why, it would be the rudest thing imaginable, and the most dreadful!

She watched him in agitation.

Yes, he was; the little plate had gone in, and he was pulling something, or snapping something, and turning away, with the camera under his arm. She fancied she had seen the smile of triumphant impudence on his face.

She sat for a moment, with reddened cheeks and beating heart.

Nice? Did Aunt Eliza call him nice? The horrid, detestable thing? And the worst of it was that he must have known better. Anybody would have known better; and he—well, of course, it was deliberate rudeness. Perhaps he had imagined—Becky's soft lips curled at the thought, while her eyes were angrily tearful—that because she had come from a smaller place than Caston she wouldn't know when she was insulted. He would find out.

She went hastily into the house. If only she hadn't come out, and if only she had gone straight to the country instead of coming to Aunt Eliza's!

Aunt Eliza was standing in the window.

"Geoffrey has been photographing, hasn't he?" she said, placidly. "He is so fond of it! He has so many artistic tastes! Have I shown you the sketch he made of Regy?" (Regy was Aunt Eliza's poodle). "He works so charmingly in water-colors!"

And Becky, with heroic mercy on Aunt Eliza's smiling complacence, was silent.

At the same moment Geoffrey Sanford, standing in a small room at the back of his house, darkened and lamp-lit, and impregnated with the odor of uncorked "developer," was staring in mute amazement at a newly developed plate in his hand—not at the vine covered porch or the intervening fence, or the sky in the distance, but at the starlingly unexpected figure of a young lady, in a light dress with dark ribbons, disposed with careless gracefulness in the hammock.

Aunt Eliza's placidity was considerably shaken by the occurrences of the following week and a half.

Geoffrey had called on the first evening of her neice's arrival, as she had proudly expected him to do, but Becky had had a head-ache, and had not come downstairs.

He had dropped in the next afternoon, but Becky had not recovered from the effects of her headache, and had not been able to see him.

He had come again the next evening, and Becky had been writing letters, and had called through the door that she must finish them. She was so sorry!

He had called three times since, and Becky had had toothache and a touch of neuralgia, and had been out for a walk on the three respective occasions.

Aunt Eliza was in bewildered despair.

"It has been so unfortunate!" she said to her neice, agitatedly, on the tenth day. "I was so anxious that you should meet Geoffrey. He is so agreeable, such a gentleman, and he would have exerted himself to make it pleasant for you. He has some very fine horses and a row-boat, and he has called six times? And now he tells me that he will leave next week for the seaside for the summer. I have never been more keenly dissapointed, Rebecca!"

"Oh, he is going away!" Becky murmured, with a gasp of relief.

The strain of the past few days had begun positively to wear upon her. She had been afraid that she should not be able to elude Geoffrey much longer.

"And—you don't think he'll be back while I'm here?"

"No," Aunt Eliza rejoined, gloomily.

"Oh, thank goodness!" Becky ejaculated beneath her breath, though what she said was, "Dear, dear!" in sympathetic tones.

She felt quite light hearted. Aunt Eliza wondered vaguely at her sudden buoyancy. She chatted brightly, and re arranged the mantel, and played with the poodle, and started out presently in a wide hat and pinkcorded gingham for a walk.

Aunt Eliza looked after her despondently.

Geoffrey would have been certain to like her; and, of course, there was not the faintest doubt that she would have been entirely delighted with Geoffrey.

It was a charming day, and Becky was in good spirits; and Regy, trotting at her heels, seemed willing to go any distance. And they wandered down the street and through a pasture-gate, and over a fence into a small piece of woods; and there Becky uttered a scream of delight, and dropped her parasol, and went down on her knees to devastate a patch of red-and-white lilies.

Regy, obediently pausing at her side, gave a sudden yelp.

A man was coming into sight from among the trees—a ragged man, with a hairy face and a heavy stick.

Regy bridled and snapped; Becky stood up timorously, with the lilies trembling in her hands, and the man came on.

He looked at Becky with an odd, hesitating leer which sent her heart into her throat. She clung to a tree with one fluttering hand, and looked at him with wildly-frightened eyes.

She tried to think calmly, but she could only reflect that she always did get so easily scared, and that she was quite helpless now.

Regy burst into aggravated barking, racing round the interloper in a circle at a safe width.

"What do you want?" Becky gasped, inaudibly.

She hoped she was not going to faint, but she was not able to keep off a creeping chill and a shaking of the knees.

"W'y, nothin'!"

The man leered with ghastly good-nature. He was quite close to her; he held his stick tightly in one dirty hand, and stood grinning.

Becky's strength forsook her. She uttered a little, terrified shriek; her lilies dropped from her lax hands; a far-off singing in her ears mingled with Regy's bark. She was dimly conscious that somebody was approaching from the direction in which she herself had come—somebody with a wooden box and a closed tripod; but just at that moment the fact seemed of no special importance to her. She sank down at the foot of the tree, a pretty, unconscious heap of pink gingham.

She was by no means certain, mentally, as to who she was, when she came to herself by slow and unpleasant degrees. She sat on the ground amidst her scattered lilies, her head against the tree, and her hat pushed to one side. The man with the stick stood in the near distance, still leering; Regy was snapping at his heels with unabated fervor; and standing over her, his camera and tripod on the ground, was Geoffrey Sanford. He was fanning her violently with his hat, and his handsome eyes were filled with a keen anxiety.

"You are better, are you not?" he said, in a conventional phrase. "I am Geoffrey Sandford; I hope you are not ill?"

"Oh, no!" said Becky, gathering all her dubious strength to speak firmly.

She stood up with Geoffrey's assistance, and smoothed her dress and straightened her hat, and picked up her parasol.

Her emotions were confusingly varied. She felt, primarily, ashamed of herself. The cause of her terror stood peacably by, with a friendly, if a senseless leer. She was suddenly conscious that she had had not the least occasion for alarm.

Then, of course, she had owed some gratitude—a little—to Geoffrey; but was it consistent with dignity to express it—to him?

She gathered up her lilies, in an equivocal silence.

"Well, Sam, better be going on, hadn't you?" said Geoffrey, good-naturedly; and the man with the stick went on his way.

"He's a half-witted fellow, who lives near here, and wanders about the town," Geoffrey explained, helping her with her flowers. "He is harmless, of course; but I can understand your being frightened—he does look formidable."

He shouldered his apparatus and turned back at her side, with Regy in the rear.

There was some embarrassment in the pause that followed.

"Of course," said Becky, twirling her parasol, and speaking with dignity, "I am very much obliged for your assistance, Mr. Sanford."

"Do not mention it," Geoffrey rejoined, hastily, taking a branch out of her path. "I am extremely glad to have been of any service; I am delighted that I was on the spot. I spend a good share of my time looking up views hereabouts. There are some rather pretty ones in the neighborhood."

"You are fond of photography?" said Becky, coldly, and with a double meaning.

"Oh, yes!" Geoffrey rejoined, equably. "And by the-way," he dropped his burden, with a sudden enthusiasm, "such an odd thing occurred the other day. Can you account for it?"

He looked to her smilingly, he drew out his pocket-book, and extended therefrom an unmounted proof of a photograph.

"I think it was my queerest experience in photography, and my pleasantest," he added, gallantly. "I took a view of my next neighbor's garden and porch the other morning, and I am a little short-sighted; and when I developed the plate, I was astonished to find—you! You see," he inserted, apologetically, "I know you by sight, by this time, though I haven't been so fortunate as to meet you till now. If it hadn't been for my near-sightedness and my knowledge of it, I should have considered it nothing less than a spiritual manifestation. Now wasn't that an episode?"

Becky looked up at him. His fine eyes were fixed on hers in smiling expectancy. The darkest suspicion could have discovered there nothing but the brightest candor.

She studied the small print in flushed silence. It was a short one, but she had time to inwardly apply a great many adjectives to herself—"stupid" and "horrid" being among them.

"Wasn't it cdd?" she murmured. "I—I suppose I must have been in the hammock. How well you photograph!"

And they talked on very fast and very enjoyably, and stooped a good many times to gather more flowers, and to take views in which Becky was the principal figure; and took the longest way home, and got there considerably after lunch-time, flushed and laughing, and well on into the period of banter and nonsense which precedes all legitimate love-making.

Aunt Eliza was delighted, more especially as Geoffrey decided, quite suddenly, not to go to the sea side. And she fairly basked in satisfaction and approval when, after a brief but much-improved period, she was informed that Geoffrey had offered himself and all his perfections to Becky, and that Becky had—of course—accepted him.

Rejected or Accepted?

BY T. L. R.

KATE, do hold your tongue."

"Yes, but, Lily, I only want to——"

Lily Sutton flung her pen on the floor, and stamped her foot in vexation. Kate Stephens pursed up her rosy lips, and looked at her with disapproval, tempered with a certain mischief in her eyes.

"Lily," said she, "if one of the pupils had done that——"

"I should have put her down for no end of demerit marks, of course," said Lily, demurely. "But, Kate, I am so perplexed."

It was five o'clock in the afternoon of a bright winter day. Miss Stephens, the English teacher, and Miss Sutton, the instructress in music and drawing, were together in their little bed-room at the top of the house, for the while forgetful of verbs, pianissimo notes and history; and no one that has never been a teacher could estimate the value of a brief season of repose like this.

"I should die," said Lily, "if it wasn't

for an occasional breathing spell."

"When one can forget that one is a teacher," sighed Miss Stephens, "and be a girl again. I'm only nineteen, and you, Lily, are younger yet. It's impossible to be proper and precise all the time, and those horrid school-girls are so astounded if one ever shows any signs of life. Do they think, I wonder, that school-teachers aren't human, like themselves?"

Lily Sutton was very pretty, with silken-brown hair, eyes of the softest, most sparkling hazel, and a delicate complexion, where the blood seemed to come and go with every breath. Miss Stephens was a darker beauty, of a less delicate type; and both were dressed in the regulation black cashmere of the teacher's vocation, with slender strips of white linen at the throat and wrists. And both bore the unmistakable mark of ladyhood. Miss Bustleton, the daughter of the oil millionaire, in the second class, looked like a housemaid masquerading in fine clothes; Lady Essie Bliven, the heiress of an earl, was vulgar in her looks and coarse in her manners, in spite of the family ties from which she had sprung; but Kate and Lily, as far as their personality went, might have been a duke's daughters.

"But tell me, dear," coaxed Kate, "what it is that you are so busy about? You're not—writing a novel?"

Lily burst out laughing.

"Writing a novel? I?" she cried. "It's a far more important piece of business. I'm breaking off my engagement!"

"To Elwood Brenton?"

"To Elwood Brenton, of course. How many men do you suppose"—with a little, impatient toss of the head—"I am engaged to?"

"But, Lily, I thought you loved him!"

"I thought so, too—once. But now I'm convinced that it was all a mistake. I was only sixteen when we plighted our troths, and it seems as if I had lived a whole lifetime since. It's the old story, Kate. I liked peppermint candy when I was a child. Now I can't bear it. Elwood Brenton was a nice young fellow enough, and I was very honestly in love with him, in those days. But I'm convinced that we shouldn't suit each other now. Souls grow; temperaments and tastes change; and I believe that I'm doing Mr. Brenton the greatest kindness of which I am capable, when I restore him his ring!"

Once more Kate Stephens screwed up her lips into a most expressive grimace.

"Isn't that a good deal like being judge, jury and executioner in one," said she, without giving the luckless prisoner a chance to be heard in his own behalf?"

"Not at all," said Lily curtly. "I haven't seen him in a year; but I dare say he'll be as glad to be let off as I shall."

"You—you're not in love with anyone else, Lily, are you?" hazarded Kate.

"No; but I am beginning to comprehend myself a little more," said Lily. "And I shan't catch the evening post, Kate dear, if you keep chattering to me like this."

"But I'm so sorry for poor Elwood Brenton!" sighed tender-hearted Kate.

"You would be a deal sorrier for him, wouldn't you, if he was compelled to marry a woman he had ceased to care for?"

"You have no right to take that for granted," sputtered Kate.

"I can only judge of his feelings by my own," drily retorted Miss Sutton.

"It's very disloyal to him," said Kate.

"Every woman has a right to change her mind," said Lily, impatiently.

And when the letter was written, and put in the mail-bag, Lily heaved a sigh of unmistakable relief.

"It's over at last!" she murmured. "Oh, how I have dreaded it! And now I shan't know a moment of rest until his answer comes back!"

It came by return—a pleasant acquiescence in whatever seemed best in Miss Sutton's eyes. Of course it was all right and proper, said Lily to her self. But all the same, there was in her heart a secret annoyance that Mr. Brenton should so readily have agreed with her.

"What nonsense!" said Lily to herself. "As if I cared, one way or the other! Now I am free!"

And when, at last, the summer vacation came, Miss Sutton betook herself to Brighton to enjoy the delights of entire rest and independence.

"Sea-bathing always agreed with me," she reflected. "And, besides I shall have a chance to see a little something of the world. After being engaged for three years, one does begin to feel a little lonesome, left all to oneself!"

Brighton was very full; but Kate Stephens had a maiden cousin who kept a select boarding-house where Lily could consider herself at home; and she soon began to feel the electric influence of society arousing every pulse in her poor, little, over-worked frame.

"Brenton Elwood is coming to-morrow."

Miss Sutton gave an irresistable start when first she heard the name.

"Brenton Elwood!" she exclaimed. "Why, I once knew an Elwood Brenton! Is it possible that there are two such unusual combinations of names in existance?"

"Most probably it is the same person," observed Colonel Graham, who had uttered the words which had so startled Lily. "It's quite a romantic history. He has inherited the fortune of a maternal uncle, who, being an Elwood, naturally wished the family name to be perpetrated. So he has transposed his own appellation."

"Oh!" said Lily.

"And a splendid young fellow he is," went on Colonel Graham. "Handsome, polished, full of that ease which springs from natural good breeding. I don't know of a man—in the rising generation, that is—who has impressed me more favorably than Brenton Elwood. Do you not agree with me, Miss Sutton?"

"I—I don't know!" stammered Lily. "I can't remember. It's ages and ages since I have seen him! We were both children, then."

"Ah! indeed?" said the Colonel.

Things were indeed transposed now. Brenton Elwood was the attraction of the place. His unusual record, his personal beauty, his wealth and position, made him the cynosure of all eyes. And one night, when she was invited to a reception which Mr. Elwood was expected to attend, Lily's heart throbbed tumultuously.

"My old lover!" she said to herself, "my discarded suitor! How strangely all this has come about! I wonder what he will say when he meets me?"

Mr. Elwood met Miss Sutton with the utmost calmness, as it happened

"We are old friends, are we not?" said he. "May I have the honor of your hand for the next dance? It is a waltz, I believe."

So the meeting was over, and Lily was angry at herself for fancying that it would be different from any other casual introduction.

But when Lily went home that night she was forced to confess to herself the unwelcome fact that she was as much in love with Brenton Elwood as she ever had been, in the boy-and-girl days, with Elwood Brenton.

"Oh, you fool!" she said, apostrophising herself in the looking-glass. "Oh, you horrid, mean-spirited little idiot! I haven't a particle of patience with you! You ought to be shut up in a convent, or thrown down a well, or something!"

And then, poor girl! she sat down and cried heartily.

The vacation went by, like a happy, fevered dream. By turns, Lily Sutton did not know whether she were utterly miserable or unreasonably happy.

She wished herself back a thousand times at the Young Ladies' Institute; and yet, whenever she thought of leaving Brighton, she was overwhelmed with despair.

"What is to be the end of this?" she thought. "Of course he will marry Miss Vanderdecker. She is rich and beautiful, and exactly suited to be his wife. Everyone says so; but——"

Lily turned away, with a choking sensation at her heart.

"I! she cried. "I, who have always despised love-sick damsels, to think that this should be my fate! But I will go to the ball to-night—my last night at Brighton—and then, back to the old life!"

Miss Vanderdecken was there, in pale-pink tulle and pearls, and on her finger there sparkled a crescent of diamonds.

Lily's heart sank when she saw it.

"They are engaged," she thought. "Oh, I knew—I was sure it would be so!"

But after Brenton Elwood had danced one galop with Miss Vanderdecker, he crossed the room to where Lily was sitting like her floral namesake after a storm—all pallid and drooping.

"Miss Sutton," said he, gently, "may I speak to you?"

"He is going to tell me now," thought the girl, with a jump at her heart. "Oh, why does he select me for his confident?"

But she answered, with a shadowy, moonlight sort of smile—

"Oh, certainly—of course!"

"Lily," he said, "you accepted me once, and then you rejected me——"

"Y-yes!" faltered Lily. "I—that is—I didn't reject you. I thought I had changed my mind, but now—now I am sure that I love you as much as ever I did!"

She spoke the rash daring words in answer to a sudden light in his eyes; the next instant her hand was clasped tightly in his.

Suddenly she withdrew it with a start.

"Miss Vanderdecken!" she cried; crimsoning a l over—"what will Miss Vander decken say?"

"Miss Vanderdecken is nothing to me," said Mr. Benton. "She is just affianced to Colonel Graham, my most intimate friend. Lily, there is only one woman in the world whom I shall ever call wife, and that is you! Shall we renew the old engagement, Lily? Shall we begin our love-life again?"

So they were engaged a second time, and Kate Stephens was the bridesmaid.

"Though, to be sure," said she, "Lily don't deserve such good luck after breaking off the first engagement just for a caprice."

DUTIES OF A WIFE.—It is for the married state that a woman needs the most instruction, and in which she should be most on her guard to maintain her powers of pleasing. No woman can expect to be to her husband all that he fancied her when he was a lover.

Men are always doomed to be duped, not so much by the arts of the sex as by their own imaginations. They are always wooing goddesses, and marrying mere mortals. A woman should, therefore, ascertain what was the charm that rendered her so fascinating when a girl, and endeavor to keep it when she has become a wife.

One great thing undoubtedly was the chariness of herself and her conduct which an unmarried female always observes. She should maintain the same niceness and reserve in her person and habits, and endeavor still to preserve a freshness and virgin delicacy in the eye of her husband. She should remember that the province of woman is to be wooed, not to woo; to be caressed, not to caress. Man is an ungrateful being in love; bounty loses instead of winning.

The secret of a woman's power does not consist so much in giving as in withholding; a woman may give up too much, even to her husband. It is a thousand little delicacies of conduct that she must trust to keep alive passion, and to protect herself from the dangerous familiarity that thorough acquaintance with every weakness and imperfection incident to matrimony induces.

By these means she may still maintain her power though she has surrendered her person, and may continue the romance of love even beyond the honeymoon.

"She that hath a wise husband," says Jeremy Taylor, "must entice him to an eternal dearness by the veil of modesty and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness and the jewels of faith and charity; she must have no painting but blushing, her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetnesses and friendship; and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies."

FASHION IN THE AFRICAN WILDS.—Every expedition into the heart of Africa has to provide itself with currency of some kind, money being of no use in the interior. Nearly eighty men were required to transport the currency for the late Sir Gerald Portal's mission to Uganda. It consisted of cotton cloth of several different qualities and sizes, colored handkerchiefs, beads of various kinds, brass, iron, and copper-wire, small looking glasses, etc. "It is most necessary," says the late Sir Gerald in his narrative of the expedition, "to have quite the latest intelligence as to the change of fashions in different countries, for it often happens that the large and bright blue bead which last year was eagerly sought after in a certain district, and for strings of which flour and corn were readily produced, may now be a drug in the market, while its place, in the estimation of the native, has been taken by a small white or red one. Or, perhaps, what is even more embarrassing to the traveler, beads may be temporarily out of fashion altogether, and the cry be all for small coils of bright brass wire. I need scarcely add that the fashion in these matters is set by the ladies of the tribe, who assert their arbitrary rights and their monopoly of taste in matters of dress even when that dress consists of no more than a few strings of beads or a necklace of wire—with the same successful determination as the other daughters of Eve in Paris or London."

ANY MAN that puts an article in reach of over worked women to lighten her labor is certainly a benefactor. Pendleton Soap Mfg. Co., sent a cake under this head in making Dobbins' Electric Soap so cheap that all can use it. TRY give it a trial.

At Home and Abroad.

In several European countries, including France and Belgium, elections are always held on Sunday.

Oregon is said to have the wildest region in the United States. The area is in Douglas and Coos counties, and covers an area of nearly 1000 square miles. It is practically an undiscovered territory, and covered, it is reported, so thickly with a growth of evergreens of great size that it is next to impossible for man to pass between the trunks. Game and fish are reported to be there in vast abundance.

Herr Jakob Bollin, an Austrian scientist, has been lecturing on the necessity of physical exercise as a counterpoise to sedentary study. He urges upon those who sit at desks engaged in deep thought to break up the strain upon the brain by pacing the room for a few minutes, taking a few deep inhalations and moving the arms. This will infuse fresh vigor to the weary, tired brain, the will power will become stronger, the memory keener, vague ideas clear and conclusions logical. Let all brain workers and students note this.

Fifteen members of the lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature will soon take part in an official ceremony of great importance. They will assist the Sergeant-at-Arms to remove from the old to the new Hall of Representatives the famous wooden codfish which has been suspended in the chamber of the House since 1784. It was originally placed there as a memorial of the importance of the codfish to the welfare of the Commonwealth, and loyal Massachusetts citizens would regard its destruction as little short of treason.

An Irish national musical festival, to be called the Feis, is to be established in Dublin. Its objects are to give an opportunity to hear Irish music, particularly the old tunes, given in the traditional manner; to encourage the publication of old Irish airs not yet set down in writing; to sing songs in Gaelic and to encourage a new Irish school of composers. The committee in charge consists of Irish musicians, with Dr. Villiers Stanford at their head, and of members of the National Literary Society and of the Gaelic League. The plan of the festival is somewhat after that of the Welch Eisteddfod.

The western man of the United States is generally superior to the Eastern man in height. This is attributed to the former's enjoyment of freer air and a greater abundance of food at the time the West was first opened. It has also been suggested that this is due to the fact that only the best physical specimens dared to penetrate the wild plains in the days of the pioneers. In many of our States high in the scale of human stature the greatness of frame is said to be due to the lime belts running noticeably in their regions. Lime, of course, is absorbed in the system from water, and also from vegetation, which partakes of the mineral products in the soil where it is planted. In the "hard-water regions" of Vermont the native men are abnormally tall.

A well to do man, living on Rumson Neck, N. J., about three miles from Red Bank recently hired two farm hands. One of the new hands was leading a cow with potatoes a day or two ago when one of the potatoes got stuck in the cow's throat. The men exchanged views upon the situation, and finally decided upon a course of action. The cow was choking and having a bad time. One of the men got a broomstick and rammed it down the cow's throat. He probably succeeded in pushing the potato down, for the stick went down a great way. The cow, however, did not like the operation. She broke away on a run, struck against something and broke off the other end of the stick. A veterinary surgeon decided that the cow would have to be killed, and this was done.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
[illegible]

Our Young Folks.

CAUGHT WITH A LASSO.

IT was no very important matter, after all, which caused Tom and Christopher Gordon to look so terribly solemn as they stood in the tool shed that Wednesday morning, staring with large wondering eyes at a little box upon the shelf; but it seemed a very important matter to them.

The little box at which they gazed was painted a royal blue, and on this bright color were scrawled, in large white letters, the words, "Wet Paint."

"It's awfully queer," said Tom at last.

"Aw'fly queer," echoed small Christopher.

"You'll vow you didn't do it?" questioned Tom.

"Really, truly, I didn't do it, Tom."

"Because I'd thrash you if you did."

"I didn't really, Tom."

"Well, I can't make it out."

"What's the matter?" called in a voice from the doorway.

"Why, look here," began Tom, eager to confide his trouble to his big brother, Arthur, who stood outside: "such a queer thing has happened. Chris and I have been making a box for mother's flower-seeds, 'cause it's her birthday next Saturday, you know; and on Monday we painted it and put it on the shelf to dry. But when we came to look at it yesterday morning, there it was with a great 'Wet Paint' written all over it—quite spoilt. Chris said he didn't do it, and no one else knew about it: anyhow, we had to go and paint it again. And now, look! there it is just the same."

"It's really awfully odd!" agreed Arthur. "Depend upon it, those what-d'you-call-ems—brownies, pixies, or some such beings—have been at work."

But Tom saw laughter in Arthur's eye, and grew angry.

"It's all very fine to laugh, but it's a very queer sort of thing."

"Of course it is," agreed Arthur, becoming serious. "I wouldn't stand it, if I were you."

"But what would you do?" cried Tom.

"Why, paint it again, to be sure," advised Arthur.

It was useless for Tom to be angry—that did not mend matters. He had to take Arthur's advice and paint the box again, if he wanted it to be ready for his mother's birthday. So he and Christopher set to work once more.

The very last thing, before going to bed, Tom and Christopher crept out to the shed to look at their handiwork; and there it stood, all safe and blue, upon the shelf as they had left it.

And yet, when they ran to examine it next morning, there it was with the white letters scrawled all over it again!

Tom and Christopher were baffled.

"'Tis extraordinary!" gasped Tom. "I'd like to catch the fellow who did it."

"Most 'stornary!" agreed small Christopher, as he stared with big wondering eyes.

And then Tom swallowed his pride and consulted Arthur again.

"You watch with us to-night," pleaded Tom, "and we'll catch the fellow and give him a good thrashing. 'Tis mother's birthday on Saturday, and we can't give her the box all wet; besides, it's got about half-a-dozen coats of paint on it already."

Arthur laughed at Tom's rage, but he good-naturedly agreed to keep them company during their watch for the ruffian. When they went upstairs to bed that evening they provided themselves with catapults, and, pulling blankets from their beds, they all sat on the window-seat in Arthur's room, which was near the ground and overlooked the tool shed. There they waited, with quickly beating hearts, and watched with eyes straining through the dimness to catch the first glimpse of the miscreant who had served them such a trick.

But time passed on, and by-and-by they heard the grown-ups going to bed; then all the lights were put out and everything became perfectly quiet. Then at length they heard the clock strike twelve, yet nobody had ventured to enter the tool-shed.

"Let's wait an hour longer," pleaded Tom.

"All right, I'm game!" agreed Arthur, while poor little Chris sat curled up in his blanket, sound asleep.

But one o'clock came and passed, and yet there was no sign or sound of any trespasser; so they agreed to go to bed. But Tom grumbled a good deal in angry whispers, for he was greatly disappointed; and Arthur made him still angrier by laughing at their failure to catch the offender. Then they roused sleepy Christopher and carried him softly back to his bed, and then Tom and Arthur parted for the night.

And yet when they went to the shed the next morning there were those wretched great letters scrawled again over the poor little blue box! Then Christopher's eyes grew big with amazement, until the sight of him set Arthur laughing, and then the sight of Arthur's laughter made poor Tom more furious than ever; but no one could give any explanation of the matter, and neither laughter nor rage could help to find one.

That afternoon the boys' Australian cousin, Dick, came on a visit, and the younger boys confided the great mystery to him; for they had determined not to allow Arthur to laugh at them any more about it. Dick listened with all the attention the affair seemed to deserve, and he said he would soon settle the fellow who did it; he would watch alone, and would kill whoever he caught, be he man, boy, or spirit. Tom and Christopher shuddered at the threatened bloodshed, but they admired Dick tremendously for his courage, and they accepted his offer.

That night, when the house was silent, Tom and Christopher crept to their bedroom window to keep watch, while Dick went quietly into the garden with a rope and a jack-knife to wait for adventures.

The time seemed very long indeed. Midnight came and passed, and no one appeared; and the boys at watch up at the window felt almost sorry, because they feared that Dick would be disappointed unless something happened. But Dick was determined to watch until daylight, if necessary—the chance of an adventure was worth it.

Then, soon after the clock had chimed the quarter-past twelve, Dick fancied he heard a stealthy step. He strained his eyes towards the tool-shed door.

The steps continued, just lightly crunching the gravel on the path; and soon Dick knew that his ears had not been mistaken. It was no fancied sound, for in the dim light he saw a figure moving cautiously towards the shed, and it carried a little lantern in its hand.

"Now is my time," thought Dick, "while he is opening the door." So catching up his rope, he raised it above his head and gave it a quick jerk.

There was a whizzing sound, a muttered cry, and the figure—man, boy, or ghost—dropped the lantern, and fell to the ground firmly caught in Dick's lasso.

"Now, then, what have you to say for yourself?" demanded Dick in a lordly tone.

But the figure only lay on the ground, laughing heartily and rolling from side to side. Then Dick leaned over it, and, picking up the lantern from the ground, turned the light upon the culprit's face.

It was Arthur!

"This is too bad," laughed Dick. "I wonder you aren't ashamed of yourself."

"It's you who ought to be ashamed," Arthur laughed back, "for spoiling such a beautiful mystery. I only did it for a little joke the first time; but when poor old Tom and Chris looked so jolly solemn over it every morning, I couldn't help going on: it was splendid to see their faces. I think I must do it again."

But Dick would not agree to that. He had given his word to Tom and Christop, her to rid them of their destructive enemy, and he intended to keep his promise.

And although, when the birthday came, Tom and Christopher had to apologize to their mother for the wet paint, they had quite forgotten their anger, and they all laughed together over the cause.

IT WAS "REMARKABLE."—A lady who recently created a sensation by riding, in "Rational" costume, a bicycle through the streets of one of our large towns during the dinner hour, while the workmen were proceeding to the midday meal, thus relates the experiences of her truly "remarkable" ride:—

I was favored on numerous occasions with selections from "Daisy Bell."

Thirteen individuals saluted me with the polite command to—

"Lift yer 'air cut!"

Eight were extremely anxious to know my tailor's address; an even greater number requested name of my hatter.

A ragged urchin ran alongside for some distance, and asked—

"Could yer oblige us with a match, guv nor?"

A barber further down the road went one better by standing on his step and inquiring—

"Shave, sir?"

Several pedestrians thoughtfully suggested that I should—

"Git orf, and push!"

While an elderly lady imparted the information that I was "a forward young minx!"

One man—how I thanked that man!—doffed his oily cap and exclaimed—

"Bravo! I likes yer pluck!"

In spite of the attention my appearance excited, several acquaintances passed me without notice.

WHILE I WAS UNDER LAUGHING GAS—"What is it like?" said the operator lightly, when medical authority had pronounced me healthy enough to inhale nitrous oxide gas without much risk.

"Well, no two persons take the gas alike; but depend upon it, you will feel nothing. It simply means that I am going to deaden your senses to everything, and that those two stubborn molars will be whisked out without your knowledge."

Nevertheless, I own to seldom having passed through a more trying ordeal of the nerves than when I recently sat waiting to undergo this queer experience, to which only a maddening pain had induced me to resort.

I was about to enter into an unnatural oblivion, and, from all I had heard, might possibly never emerge. I stared at that ominous reservoir of gas with the inevitable fascination peculiar to the uninitiated, and I was on the point of leaping up and rushing from the deadly place, when the same voice said in my ear—

"Now, sir—quite still, if you please! I will get you to breathe easily through this."

The crucial moment had come, and there was no drawing back. Something hard and uncomfortable was placed between my teeth (to keep them apart), and next my face was covered with a sort of hood or mask. All was darkness and horror, till presently I heard a pumping sound, and next was conscious that a cold, ghastly wave of air was pouring down my throat.

Breath easily! I seemed to be suffocating; the sensation of that moment was one altogether beyond words. My vitality was strong, and I tried to struggle, but appeared absolutely powerless; my whole body seemed to be rocking beneath the strength of the fumes, and my last moment to have come. I just heard a far-off voice saying, "He is taking it well;" and then—nothingness. That is to say, I was cognizant of nothing that really happened; but my senses were at work hard enough, and my imagination took this form.

I was skipping gaily in a daisy-carpeted meadow, and suddenly stumbled and fell to earth. (The first tooth had gone.) Then I was up again, and skipping away as before; when lo! I felt a crushing blow on the head, as though some invisible person had struck me with a mallet. (I and my second, and worst, tooth had parted company for ever.)

In a trice, as it seemed, I came out of my queer dream with a gasp of wonder, and stared vacantly up to see my executioners looking calmly out of the surgery window. The hood was gone, the gas exhaled, and the whole thing over. There was no pain—nothing save a dizziness and sickness, which vanished when I drank a glass of water. Then, looking at the clock, I found that my experience had occupied exactly two minutes.

WINE IN TABLETS.—Those tablets, so says the Algerian manufacturer, consist of pure wine so concentrated that travelers will be able to carry with them on their journeyings great casks of wine in diminutive boxes. The juice, having been pressed from the grapes, is pumped into a vacuum evaporator, heat is applied, and at a temperature of from 30 to 45 degrees Centigrade, vapor is produced. This vapor is then forced into a refrigerator, resulting in a thick, syrupy liquor, which, mixed with the grape pulp, can be pressed into tablets; and these will keep fresh and pure for an indefinite length of time.

To make wine, it is only necessary to add the amount of water which has been evaporated. The tablets contain about 80 per cent. of grape sugar.

THE Ionia county (Mich.) supervisors last year made a contract with the Sheriff to board tramps for 10 cents a day. The result was bums got more bread and water than they did beef, and the attendance dropped off several hundred per cent. The contract has been renewed for 1895, and the tramp nuisance there is again settled.

Why suffer with asthma when the famous Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure you.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Mecca never sees a year that does not bring cholera.

Dials were spoken of by Isaiah 700 years before the Christian era.

In England to every 1,000,000 of population there are nine divorces every year.

It is estimated that the annual sales of German toys in England amount to $10,000,000.

India ink is made in Japan from the soot obtained by burning the shells of an oily nut.

Egyptian farmers use exactly the same kind of plough that their ancestors used 5,000 years ago.

The Empire of Morocco is the most important State that is absolutely without a newspaper.

Chili is said to number among her population more poets per capita than any other nation in the world.

Norway ranks second to England in the number of sailing vessels of 50 tons and over. The United States are third.

A man who has made a study of such things claims that country bred cats are, as a rule, heavier than those reared in cities.

Considering its small population of whites, it is remarkable that Fiji last year received 271,796 letters and 197,194 newspapers.

The Salt Sea, which once covered the Yuma Desert, was once the home of oysters from fourteen to twenty inches in diameter.

The most unhealthy city in Europe is Barcelona, Spain. The number of deaths there at present exceeds the number of births.

At Ouchak, one of the Turkish centres of carpet weaving, there is no such thing as a factory. All the work is done in private houses.

In olden time, screws were made by hand, and five minutes were spent in making one. Now a machine rattles out sixty in a minute.

It is claimed that waterproof sheets of paper, gummed and hydraulically compressed, make a material as durable as leather for shoe soles.

Probably the most extraordinary journal in the world is published at Athens. It is written entirely in verse, even to the advertisements.

In London nearly 261 streets are named after the Queen, while there are 91 Cross streets, 240 Albert streets, 212 Church streets, and 191 Queen streets.

A pair of gloves passes through nearly two hundred hands, from the moment that the skin leaves the dresser's till the time when the gloves are purchased.

M. Roux has now 140 horses undergoing immunization. The authorities of the Pasteur Institute hope to be in a position soon to supply the whole of France with serum.

No receptacle has ever been made strong enough to resist the bursting power of freezing water. Twenty-pound steel shells have been rent asunder as though made of pottery.

The temperature of the earth advances one degree for every fifty-one feet of descent. It is supposed that at a distance of thirty miles below the surface metals and rocks are at white heat.

Sixty-two opera houses are now open in Italy. The number of new operas and operettas produced in that country last year was eighty, only three of which attracted general attention.

From the time a locomotive is first fired it takes nearly an hour to get steam enough to start it. Thus it is seldom that the water in the boiler is ever allowed to become cold if it can be avoided.

The Paris police are to have drummers, and their tattoo will be considered as equivalent to reading the Riot Act. It is very ideal, and will, no doubt, meet with the approval of the volatile ones.

The Japanese dragon fly is called familiarly the "King of Korea." There are said to be many more males than females of this species, and bad boys, by catching a female dragon fly and tying her with a string, can catch many males.

A large dog was seen carrying a bundle through the streets of Elizabeth, N. J., recently, and when stopped the bundle was found to contain the body of a dead infant. So far nothing has been discovered to shed any light on the matter.

As a result of the examination of 4000 eyes, Dr. Miles, of Bridgeport, Conn., found that 25 per cent. required glasses. The women and girls far exceed the men and boys. The period during which the people have the most trouble with their eyes is between 20 and 30.

The street beggars in Barcelona have entered into a solemn convenant to withdraw from circulation all the two-centime pieces which they receive from the charitable public, so as to compel their benefactors to give them the coin next in value—viz., five centimes.

You need not be afraid of the twinges of rheumatism when you have Salvation Oil.

YOU.

BY W. W. LONG.

Love knocked at my heart one day,
And the world was bright and fair;
Light and sunshine reigned supreme,
And beauty was everywhere.

My heart in a dream of bliss was bound,
As into my life came you;
And all that is pure and sweet,
Love brought me tender and true.

ROMANCE OF COTTON.

The Father of History, in writing about India—"the last inhabited country towards the East"—where every species of birds and quadrupeds, horses excepted, are "much larger than in any other part of the world," and where they have also "a great abundance of gold," made the following remarkable statement. "They possess likewise," he said, "a kind of plant, which, instead of fruit, produces wool of a finer and better quality than that of the sheep, and of this the natives make their clothes."

This was the vegetable-wool of the ancients, which many learned authorities have identified with the byssus, in bandages of cloth made from which the old Egyptians wrapped their mummies. But did Egypt receive the cotton plant from India—or India from Egypt—and when? However that may be, there is good reason to believe that Cotton is the basis of one of the oldest industries in the world, although we are accustomed to think of it as quite modern, and at any rate as practically unknown in Europe before the last century. As a matter of fact, nevertheless, cotton was being cultivated in the south of Europe in the thirteenth century, although whether the fibre was then used for the making of cloth is not so certain. Its chief use then seems to have been in the manufacture of paper.

The beginning of the Oriental fable of the Vegetable Lamb is lost in the *darkest night of* the centuries. When and how it originated, we know not; but the story of a Plant-Animal in Western Asia descended through the ages, and passed from traveler to traveler, from historian to historian, until in our time the fable has received a practical verification. Many strange things were gravely recorded of this Plant-Animal; as, that it was a tree bearing seed-pods, which, bursting when ripe, disclosed within little lambs with soft white fleeces, which Scythians used for weaving into clothing. Or, that it was a real flesh-and-blood lamb, growing upon a short stem, flexible enough to allow the lamb to feed upon the surrounding grass.

There were many versions of the marvellous tale as it reached Europe; and Sir John Mandeville, as usual, improved upon it. He vouched for the flesh-and-blood lamb growing out of a plant, and declared that he had both seen and eaten it—whereby Sir John proved himself a somewhat greater romancer than usual. Nevertheless, he has a germ of truth amid his lies, for he relates of "Bucharia" that in the land are "trees that bear wool, as though it were of sheep, whereof men make clothes, and all things that are made of wool."

And again, of Abyssinia, that mysterious kingdom of the renowned Prester John, he related: "In that country, and in many others beyond, and also in many on this side, men sow the seeds of cotton, and they sow it every year; and then it grows into small trees which bear cotton. And so do men every year, so that there is plenty of cotton at all times." Here, then, we have evidence that, eighteen centuries after Herodotus, cotton was still being cultivated, as the basis of a textile industry, both in Western Asia and in Africa. It is said that in the Sacred Books of India there is clear evidence that cotton was in use for clothing purposes eight centuries before Curist.

The expedition of Alexander the Great from Persia into the Punjab was a good deal later, say, three hundred and thirty years before Christ. On the retreat down the Indus, Admiral Nearchus remarked "trees bearing as its were flocks or bunches of wool," of which the natives made "garments of surpassing whiteness, or else their black complexions make the material whiter than any other."

The Alexandrine general, Aristobulus, is more precise; he tells of a wool-bearing tree yielding a capsule that contains "seeds which were taken out, and that which remained was carded like wool." And long before Pliny referred to cotton in Egypt—"a shrub which men call 'gossypium,' and others 'xylon,' from which stuffs are made which we call xylina"—Strabo had noted the cultivation of the plant on the Persian Gulf.

At the beginning of the Christian era we find cotton in cultivation and in use in Persia, Arabia and Egypt—but whether indigenous to these countries, or conveyed westward during the centuries from India, we know not. Thereafter, the westward spread was slow; but the plant is to be traced along the north coast of Africa to Morocco, which country it seems to have reached in the ninth century. The Moors took the plant, or seeds, to Spain, and it was being grown on the plains of Valencia in the tenth century; and by the thirteenth century it was, as we have said, growing in various parts of Southern Europe.

Yet, although the Indian cloths were known to the Greeks and Romans a century or two before the Christian era, and although in the early centuries Arab traders brought to the Red Sea ports Indian calicoes, which were distributed in Europe, we find cotton known in England only as material for candle-wicks down to the seventeenth century. At any rate, M'Culloch is our authority for believing that the first mention of cotton being manufactured in England is in 1641; and that the "English cottons," of which earlier mention may be found, were really woollens.

And now we come to a very curious thing in the Romance of Cotton. Columbus discovered America in 1492, and when he reached the islands of the Caribbean Sea, the natives who came off to barter with him brought, among other things, cotton yarn and thread. Vasco da Gama, a few years later than Bartholomew Diaz, in 1497 rounded the Cape of Good Hope and reached Zanzibar. There the natives were found to be clothed in cotton, just as Columbus found the natives of Cuba to be, as Pizarro found the Peruvians, and as Cortes found the Mexicans. These Europeans found the peoples of the new worlds clothed with a material of which they knew nothing.

Grains of Gold.

Self-love is idolatry.

A self-made man likes to brag on his job.

Golden opportunities do not fly in circles.

Make life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.

We always find wit and merit in those who look at us with admiration.

No matter who has the floor, self-conceit will always find a way to speak.

A great many people are in such a hurry that they have no time to live.

The money that brings us most good is the money with which we do good.

All truth is nonsense to the man who has let a lie make its home in his heart.

Love has to be seen with the eyes of the heart before its name can be known.

Look into the drunkard's home, if you would see tracks that have been made by the cloven hoof.

That which seemeth most casual and subject to fortune, is yet disposed by the ordinance of Heaven.

There are people who seem to think that God only expects them to keep the Ten Commandments on Sunday.

It is bad reasoning which builds up a theory of life on the narrow ledge of a passing human mood, and fails to take in the whole round of life.

Femininities.

Electricity is now used to improve the complexion.

Out of every 100 lives insured in England only five are women.

It is calculated that the men and women of to-day are nearly two inches taller than their ancestors.

Silver tarnishes when exposed to light, because of the actinic or chemical property possessed by the rays of the sun.

The ex-Empress Eugene is the only royal personage who has made a balloon ascent besides Queen Christina of Sweden.

A New York woman died a few days ago from blood poisoning, caused by accidentally puncturing her thumb with a hat pin.

The emblems of royalty of the Queen of Madagascar consist of four scarlet umbrellas, which are held over her Majesty when she sits in her palanquin of state.

Mrs. Oliphant, with a record of seventy-eight novels to her credit, never touches a pen in the daytime. She thinks the stillness of the night is necessary for good writing.

The Empress of Austria not only smokes from fifty to sixty Turkish cigarettes a day, but during the course of the evening also gets through several "terribly strong cigars."

The hay barges on the Swiss lakes rowed by women standing, and the small sail boats, with tall brown sails standing very high to catch fickle winds, are among the most picturesque of craft.

A dusty carpet may be cleaned by dipping the broom in cold water, shaking off all the drops, and sweeping a yard or so at a time. Wash the broom and repeat until the entire carpet has been swept.

The local groups of the General Association of German Women have created numerous bureaus of information and employment. More than 600 women were supplied with places in Berlin in 1893.

The Princess of Wales chooses her own dresses with great care, and, after receiving water color designs, frequently takes her own brush and marks some alteration in the design by way of improvement.

A Burman out for a walk with his wife stalks a yard or two ahead, his wife meekly following; and at public entertainments the men occupy the best seats. As a rule, the men of the family dine first, waited on by the women.

Performer, rising from the piano amid an animated conversation, ironically: "I hope, ladies, I do not disturb you?" One of them, placidly: "Oh, no, Mr. Octave; not me, at least. I like to have people playing while I am talking."

He: "You girls seemed to have been discussing something very earnestly as I came up." She: "Yes. We were discussing whether it were better to marry a poor young man who could ahdle pug dogs or a rich old man who couldn't."

Lansing, Mich., has a matrimonial club, whose members at intervals choose one of their number whose duty it is to get married within a year. The club claims that in every instance the choosen one carried out his orders faithfully.

Gypsy, telling an elderly coquette's fortune from the lines of her hand: "I am sorry to tell the young lady that she will pass through a serious illness in her twentieth year." Lady: "Good gracious!" Sighs and gives the gypsy a dollar.

A hundred years ago Mrs. Hannah North, of Augusta, Me., began sending mince pies to the prisoners in the county jail on Thanksgiving Day. The custom was followed by her through life, then by her daughter, and now her grand daughter is observing it.

A New York widow, in looking over her late husband's effects, found an old saving fund book having but a single deposit for $5, dated 1820. She laid claim to the money and, to her surprise, found that the principal and accumulated interest amounted to $248.

In a Hungarian village recently a farmer tried to shoot his tenth wife and her father. He explained that the previous nine wives had all consented to be divorced when he asked them, but that this one had annoyed him by refusing, owing to the injudicious advice of her father.

"Ha," she hissed, or gasped, to be more circumstantial. She held in her hand a long black hair. "Whose is it?" she demanded to know. "I found it on your coat sleeve." "It is yours, my dear," said the man, conscious of his own rectitude. "But it is black, and mine is blonde." "Of course. But this one got on my coat last week." Baffled, yet unconvinced, she strode from the room.

Russians are very careful about the way their tea is made. They make it in a porcelain or earthen teapot, and drink it from tumblers of glass, so annealed that there is no danger of the hot liquid breaking them. Their tea is always made of water at the first boiling—an important matter. The tea brewed in the teapot is made quite strong, but the teaglasses are but one third filled with this tea, and then filled up with boiling water. This gives a delicate fine flavored cup of tea, not strong enough to have a rank taste.

Masculinities.

The Mayor of Nevada, Mo., has given his salary to the poor this year.

A horse and a man differ, inasmuch as a horse is commended most when it lowers its record.

If a fool and his money are easily parted, will somebody tell us how it is that there are so many rich fools?

Teacher: "Why was George Washington a great man?" Tommy: "Because we don't have no school on his birthday."

This much is to be said in favor of the tattooed man: While a great many men have designs upon others, his are all upon himself.

There is nothing more truly insinuating and deferential than the waggle of a little dog's tail in the presence of a big dog with a bone.

Little Tommy: "Pop, why do politicians nearly always wear high hats?" Tommy's Pop: "I don't know, unless they are better to talk through."

Actors were so much admired by the late Dr. Morell Mackenzie, the noted English physician, that he never charged them for medical advice.

Chili proposes to try the experiment of State management of railroads. The Government has announced its purpose to buy up all the existing roads.

Cob pipes are said to be one of the latest affectations at some of the junior clubs. Each member is said to have his own cob and is to leave it at the club.

A few days ago a Warren, Ohio, man dreamed he would shortly meet with a violent death. Within 24 hours after he was run over and killed by a locomotive.

The new Czar of Russia has a great fondness for German music. He has been a warm admirer of Wagner's operas for several years, and dislikes the Italian school.

Patience will work out your problems in the end. The great trouble is that we insist, in our haste, in bruising our fingers over the knots which will in time loosen themselves.

A novel and beautiful winter charity festival took place recently in Brussels. A company of Brussels sculptors got up in the public park an exhibition of works of art executed in snow.

A San Francisco man has been fined $40 and costs for sneezing in a theatre and refusing to go out. Evidently the manager thought he had a show that wasn't to be sneezed at.

At an elevation of 15,645 feet above the sea, on the Peruvian Central Railroad it was discerned that 100 men were required to do the same amount of work that fifty would do on a sea level.

The Empress of Austria has been leading a lonely life in Algiers. During her stay there she breakfasted at 6.30 and dined at 5, taking all her meals alone. Six hours of the day she spent in walking.

Spinello the painter, became insane while painting his great picture, "The Fallen Angels." His mind dwelt so persistently on the image of Satan that he fancied the arch-demon was always before his eye.

John Fellows is the 19-year-old tongueless son of a farmer near Louisa, Ky. He has not even a rudimentary organ. In all other respects the boy is perfect. He is bright, a splendid athlete and a favorite with all.

The oldest woman in North Carolina is said to be Mrs. Katherine Besheares. She has lived to see her fifth generation and is still in good health. Her exact age is not known, but it is supposed to be between 115 and 120 years.

Miss Harlem: "To-day I saw three men deferentially stand aside on an 'L' platform until four ladies entered the car." Miss Downtown: "Well, doesn't that prove my assertion that New York men are chivalrous to a fault?" Miss Harlem, with a sigh: "No; it was an empty car."

An eccentric peddler, who died recently at Louisa, Ky., and who represented himself as a foreigner, speaking English imperfectly, has been identified as an American and a graduate with honors from Harvard. He was disappointed in love 30 years ago, whereupon he fled from home and became a peddler at Louisa.

A dispatch from Albuquerque, N. M., says: "William Godson has given up his attempt to sit in a chair perfectly quiet for twelve consecutive hours for seven days, and loses a bet of $100. When he left the chair last night at midnight he was pretty nigh played out. His limbs were swollen and it was painful for him to move his arms."

An Albany young man, who recently took unto himself a wife, and who is acquainted with Chauncey M. Depew, wrote to that gentleman asking for a pass for his mother-in-law to come and pay him a visit. "Don't forget to have the return coupon attached," said he, in closing. Next day, he received an answer from Mr. Depew, inclosing the pass. "You will note," said the genial president of the Central, "that I have not neglected the return coupon, and that, moreover, I have limited it to three days."

Latest Fashion Phases.

The tendency is toward single capes rather than double ones, and these are made very pretty with frills of lace and spangled yoke collars. One recently made for spring wear is a single cape of black velvet fitted on to a yoke which reaches to the shoulders and fits smoothly. Below this falls a frill of black accordion plaited chiffon, a little more than a quarter of a yard in depth, which is also carried down either side of the front and caught back at intervals like a jabot. Over the velvet yoke is another one of beads and spangles, and around the neck is a full ruche of chiffon.

An elegant French garment is made of black brocaded velvet, cut in a coat which reaches to the knees and is close fitting in the back. The front is loose and cut away to show a vest of ermine, and the sleeves are wing like affairs of black satin, trimmed with jet.

Spring jackets are to be much shorter than those which are now worn, and golf capes of serge, with their bright plaid linings, will be as popular and useful as ever.

Among the new crepons which will soon be in the market is one called tricot, which is a narrow, crinkled stripe of shot silk alternating with a shire stripe the same width, and all woven in three distinct colors, so charmingly blended that they have the appearance of three shades of the same color. For example, a black and red ground has a red and green silk stripe; a dark green and tan ground, a stripe of mauve, and so on through an endless variety of colors. Another very similar in weave is in two colors, with one thrown up in lengthwise stripes and leaf patterns of silk. But the daintiest, most unique of all the crepons is made double with a crinkled silken surface of something more shire and glossy than chiffon, caught here and there on a foundation of fine wool. Mauve over gold and brown over tan are very effective. Another variety is double, yet woven together so that the crinkling resembles fish scales.

The old time pineapple cloth has been revived again, improved perhaps by modern ideas, as it is soft and more pliable, and comes in all the dark colors, with hair line stripes of white or contrasting colors. Bluet blue striped with white is daintily pretty and will make such cool, serviceable gowns for summer.

Just at present black gowns in crepon, silk and cloth take the lead, and with colored silk linings and the fancy waists of color nothing can be more stylish or useful. A pretty gown of navy blue crepon made for spring wear has a full waist drawn down into a black satin belt, a box plait in front, and a wide collar of cream satin trimmed with lace appliqued on, and around the neck is a black chiffon ruche with red roses at either side. A novel gown for an afternoon at home is a combination of bengaline and thin silk crepon. The full yoke, lower sleeve and upper part of the skirt are of violet bengaline, while the low bodice, puffed sleeve and deep flounce on the skirt are of crepon accordion plaited. The flounce and lower part of the waist are headed by a full ruche of black net edged with narrow white lace. The waist band and collar are of violet velvet.

One little frock for a child is in dark blue serge trimmed with cerise. The full skirt is finished by a deep hem, and is shirred to a collar band and shoulder yokes. The puffed sleeves are fitted into close fitting lower portions of cerise. The cerise collars forms a deep square yoke, from the centre of which an inverted V has been removed. It is stitched on the edges and finished by a straight collar band.

This is a pretty little model for a crepon frock when the collar and cuffs may be made of white pique applique, with motifs of yellow guipure lace and finished by an edge of yellow guipure. For a gingham dress the collar may be formed of Swiss insertion and surrounded by a ruffle of Swiss embroidery.

A white crepon trimmed in this fashion, with bands of yellow lace insertion, would be a very stylish little frock.

Another stylish gown is fashioned in brown and blue novelty cloth, the straight, full skirt adjusted with most of the fulness at the back. The bodice droops over the belt in French blouse fashion and is laid in a double box plait at the neck, spreading as it descends. The sleeves are large leg o' mutton, finished without a cuff. The collar band and full belt, with bows at the sides are in blue satin.

This offers a pretty model for gingham dresses or for the new plaid mohair cloth. It may be accompanied a volonte by a lace yoke or deep collar and cuffs.

A mais crepon has a full skirt bordered by two bands of heavy white lace insertions. This skirt is attached to a square yoke of crepon, striped with insertions and surrounded by a deep bertha of lace, forming pointed epaulettes over the tops of the sleeves. The sleeves are bouffante puffs to the elbow.

Pretty little gingham frocks are made with French blouse waists and full skirts, finished by a deep hem or bordered with insertion. The bodices are sewn to round or square yokes surrounded by an embroidered ruffle, or to shoulder yokes formed of bands of insertion. The belt is a wide band of insertion and the sleeves are bouffante puffs.

There is also a novel coat for a little girl. It is a French coat, fashioned in electric blue cloth and garnished with black satin. The full skirt is stitched above the edge and attached to a very deep yoke. The satin sash is sewn to the shoulder seam and under the arm as far as the waist line, thus forming a decollette jacket. It is tied at the yoke line into a large bow, with ends falling to the edge of the skirt. Full epaulettes of the cloth droop over the large gigot sleeves, and the neck is finished by a full collar band of satin.

Odds and Ends.

SOME PARTICULARS ABOUT THE SOUP POT.

The soup called consomme, as all good cooks know, is the extract of pure fresh meat, delicately flavored with vegetables and lightly seasoned. This, however, is a somewhat expensive form of soup for household use where it is desired to extract the uttermost from the materials used, and for this purpose bones, either cooked or raw, have been used to produce a clear gravy soup, and if properly treated answer admirably. Raw bones thoroughly covered with cold water, brought to the boil, carefully skimmed until no more scum rises (a spoonful or two of cold water added while the soup boils helps to facilitate this process), then enriched with a due proportion of soup vegetables, seasoning, and a bouquet, and carefully simmered (not boiled hard) for four or five hours, will produce, when clarified, a wine-clear, delicately flavored soup that only requires proper garnishing to take its place on any table.

For more ordinary purposes, or as foundation for sauces and gravies, a soup can be prepared from cooked bones, meat and poultry trimmings, etc., that has much to recommend it. The chief difference is that the bones, trimmings, vegetables, etc, are broken up and sliced, and laid, with the bouquet and a few peppercorns, into a couple of spoonfuls of clarified dripping previously melted over the fire, and allowed to fry in a covered stewpan for fifteen minutes or so until the whole is quite brown at the bottom of the pan, then sufficient water to cover it all liberally is added with a little salt. It is brought to the boil, carefully skimmed, then allowed to simmer very gently for four or five hours; when it is strained off into a basin, and left to stand till the fat has collected in a cake at the top, which can be removed without any trouble, and may also be used for all sorts of purposes.

This soup as it stands answers admirably for stock, and will also clarify precisely as the consommie is clarified. This stock should be always kept at hand, and if boiled every two days in winter, or every day in summer, will keep good for some time.

White stock is made in just the same way, the preliatory frying being, however, of course, omitted and so also is game stock. The clarifying process is perfectly easy. Many persons use only the whites and shells of eggs, but this is apt to clear the soup at the expense of its taste; so it is better to have a few ounces of raw meat (the neck or sticking piece of the ox, for brown, or any scrap of raw rabbit, veal, etc., for white stock) to add minced to the whites and shells, lightly broken up and mixed together, with a slice or two of carrot, a strip of celery, and two or three peppercorns. This increases the flavor, and is not a costly experiment, as 4oz. or 5oz. of meat and the whites and shells of three eggs will clear a quart of stock thoroughly.

When adding the vegetables in clarifying, be careful not to use onion, for this would make the soup irremediably milky, though a leek would render it richer without impairing either its flavor or its clearness.

The one point to remember in soup making is that once brought to the boil it must only be allowed to simmer gently and steadily. If boiled hard all the flavor evaporates, leaving nothing but a nauseous taste suggestive of the presence of a dirty kitchen cloth. This gout du torchon, as the French dub it, is unmistakable evidence of the soup having been, in kitchen parlance, "galloped," instead of cooking slowly and steadily, and stock so ill-treated requires far more meat, to say nothing of burnt sugar, burnt onion, Worcester and other sauces, and that worst abomination of all—"browning"—to get it to anything like its proper flavor and appearance.

We have learned to believe in "the stock pot," and most housewives have a mysterious dread, yet satisfaction, at the presence of this extravagant utensil, which in reality can be replaced admirably by an ordinary large stewpan or kettle, if the cook will only remember to keep it fed with every scrap and sufficient water. If cooks only knew the proper use of the stock pot, we should see the end of that disgrace of our kitchens, the pig basket, for the scraps that now go to fill that unpleasantly odoriferous vessel would find their way to the stock pot and reappear ultimately as appetizing and satisfying soup. Even in houses where exhaustive economy is not so necessary, this soup might still be made, and would find plenty of eager recipients, who but for it would not know the taste of a meal, and surely no one would grudge the little extra trouble this soup involves. Let me add such charity is thrice blessed in truth, for it not only blesses the giver and the receiver, but it teaches thrift where, unfortunately, it is often sadly needed—in the kitchen.

WATER-TIGHT COMPARTMENTS.

WHAT is the use of water-tight compartments anyhow?" That is the question which thousands of people asked themselves and each other when the news came of the foundering of the Elbe in the North Sea. Here was a vessel, comparatively new, and equipped with every device for keeping her afloat in an accident, and yet in twenty minutes from the time of being struck she went down as if the bottom had been taken out of her.

There is no question that really water-tight compartments of the number required by law will save a vessel, declares the Boston Transcript. This has been shown again and again, especially by freight boats in whose bulkheads there are no openings. The question then, is not, "Are water-tight compartments of any use?" but "Can the bulkheads in ocean steamers be made water-tight in time to be made of any use in case of an accident?" The law provides for three water tight bulkheads in every ocean going steamer, and most of them have seven or eight, amply sufficient to keep the vessel afloat while any one of them is filled. But on every passenger boat these bulkheads are cut through by doors almost for the entire length of the vessel to allow the passengers to go from one part of the ship to the other without going on deck. These doors are water tight enough when they are closed, and the question of closing them instantly is the question of saving the ship from sinking.

Just how much discipline there is with regard to the regular closing of these doors on ocean steamers is a question on which most steamship men seem to be very hazy. It is manifest that this is a thing on which the safety of the vessel depends absolutely. There must be a man in every watch whose duty is to close a certain door on the moment of a collision, and to close it instantly, for when the water is rushing in, closing a door at all is a matter of seconds. Nearly all the steamship lines have regulations providing that the doors shall be closed by the men on watch once or twice during the voyage, but it is problematical how thoroughly these regulations are carried out. There are some vessels on which the captains go through the drill rigorously, but on others it is certain that they do not.

It is like "boat drill," which is another thing depending on the line and the captain. Of this a steamship agent at the head of the main office of one of the largest lines running to this country said:—"Boat drill is provided for as a daily exercise, but who ever heard of boat drill on the high seas while the vessel was going at speed, perhaps trying to break the record." It would seem from interviews with steamship men that it is the same way with the drill for closing the water tight doors. While the drill may be of no use during the whole life of the ship, when the discipline is needed it is vital, for a single man no being at his post, or being there late, might doom the ship.

While this question of discipline is of immense importance, it is a question whether even if it were perfect, it would save a ship. No man can get to his station without losing any time, and the loss of any time might very well be fatal. When the sea pours into a large breach in the vessel's side, it pours in with fearful force. By the time the man reaches his station the water in the next compartment may be so deep that no one can shut the door, and before he can summon aid, it is probable that no human power can shut it. This is shown by the way in which steamers have sunk at their docks while coaling. On a great many lines, the coal is taken in through port holes in the side of the vessel. The men are careless and take in a little too much coal, or a guest of wind lays the vessel a little more on her side, and the water begins running into the port hole. Once let this begin and nothing on earth can stop it, and the men are obliged to let the vessel sink at her dock, and then close the ports and pump her out.

In this connection there is great room for improvement in the arrangement of some of the doors in the water-tight compartments. On some some lines sides are used, but in more cases the doors are hung on hinges; the former would be much easier to close when the water was coming in. "The only way to have really water-tight compartments," says Mr. Owen, the inspector of steamships, "is to have the compartments run clear up to the deck, and have no openings in them. Do that, and you will have a ship that will not sink, but you never will have one until you do it."

RECALLED HIS YOUTH.—He was a country lad, one of those plucky young fellows who see more of the thorns of this weary old world than of the roses, and as he walked into the office of one of Atlanta's leading cotton dealers to negotiate the sale of a bale of cotton he had brought into the city from the farm he took off his hat and hugged the stove while waiting. He sat there several moments, looking dreamily out in the busy streets, thawing himself, and perhaps figuring in his mind as to what his cotton would bring him and what it would enable him to take his dear old mother away up there in his mountain home.

What kindness there was in the boy's face, what dreams in his great, blue eyes, what warmth and glow in his red hair. It was no difficult task to read in that fellow's face the life he lives. He was one of those tender-hearted youths whose good deed were as numerous as the freckles on his manly face—one of those proverbial Georgia plowboys who become great men, whose hearts are tuned to the merry chirps of songbirds, whose walks are amid the dewy vales a bloom with fragrant flowers or in the pathless wood.

"Ah, how I envy you, my dear boy," said the wealthy cotton dealer, finally, turning to him and breaking into his day dreams.

"Sah?" and the timid youth was startled.

"How I envy you. I look upon you, my little man, and dream of the past. I recall the old days on the farm when I was a country boy just like you. I think about the dear old days as the one brief period of my life that bore no curse. There was the old swing under the big oak tree down by the garden, the old barn where I used to spend the rainy days shucking corn, the dear old well and the old oaken bucket—ah, what a dream is that old oaken bucket! Young man, don't you love to linger around the old oaken bucket on a sultry day, and drink the sweet water that pours from its mossy brim? What joy and bliss, what fascination and what charm, and I dream on and on, with longing and regret," and the wealthy cotton man shoved his hands into his silk-lined pockets, and walked to the window, a perfect actor in his line.

"Yasser; hit's a perty good thing in hit's place," remarked the lad slowly. "But say, mister, did yer ever have ter draw fifteen buckets er water in de heat er de day for de steer you'd been a-plough in' all de mornin'?"

And then they talked about cotton.

TORPEDOES.—An aluminium torpedo-boat, for the French Government, was lately put to a successful trial—successful, that is to say, so far as speed is concerned. The substitution of aluminium for steel results in a total saving of weight of about twenty per cent., and although this is an advantage in a boat destined to be carried on the deck of a warship, the benefit gained is, we think, more than counterbalanced by the vulnerability of the aluminium, which can very easily be pierced by a rifle bullet. This means a skilfully handled machine gun would speedily convert such a vessel into a sieve.

Premature baldness may be prevented and the hair made to grow on heads already bald, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Eclectic Magazine for Foreign Literature" for March is a specially interesting number. Among its articles from the leading periodicals of the world are Wanted, A Newer Trades Unionism; From the Dark Past; Count Moltke; The Crimea in 1854 and 1894; Why Should We Learn History; India; Celibacy and the Struggle to Get On. Published at New York.

That splendid monthly, "Music," in its March number, contains exceptionally valuable articles on Boston Music in 1851 and 1852; Is Perfect Intonation Practicable? Beethoven's note book; What is Classical Music? and much other matter all interested in the divine art would do well to read. Published at Chicago.

"The Cosmopolitan" for March is very rich in its illustrated articles. Those comprise a visit to Mont St. Michael; The Beautiful Models of Paris; Pearl Diving and its Perils; Beauty from an Indian's Point of View, and the Observatory of the Vatican. Other good features a President of France, We of the Stylus, and the Story of a Thousand. Published at New York.

There are a number of special features in the "Century" for March including Prof. Sloane's life of Napoleon, the first of three papers by Miss Harriet Waters Preston of a new field of travel entitled "Beyond the Adriatic;" a fully illustrated paper on the late Jean Carries, sculptor and potter; fine portraits of Ysaye, the violinist, and of Helmholtz; a beautiful engraving in Timothy Cole's Dutch Masters series; Mr. Noah Brookes' reminiscences of the conventions of 1864 which nominated Lincoln and McClellan; Mrs. Harrison's descriptions of Morocco and Southern Spain and much more of the same high character. The Century Co., New York.

For Life or Death.

BY R. G.

It was night in the camp of Maximilian's army, and sounds of merriment were heard upon all sides.

In a tent in the inner circle of the camp sat two officers at a rude table, upon which was marked with lead pencil a draught board, while black and white buttons served for the "men."

They were prisoners—soldiers in the service of Juarez, captured the day before; but their appearance indicated that they were not Mexicans.

A love of adventure had caused them to leave their homes in England and cast their swords with Juarez, to aid in driving from Mexican soil a German emperor.

Capoul Monteith, the light haired officer, was a young man of wealth and good family.

Garnet Weston, the brown haired officer, was a young lawyer, of good, though poor, parentage. He was fast winning a name when he crossed the path of Mabel Monteith, the sister of Capoul.

One day a pretended friend told him that Mabel was his promised wife, but that their engagement had not yet been made public.

Three months later found him a cavalry captain in the army of Benito Juarez, where, in a few weeks, he was surprised to be joined by Capoul Monteith, who had also offered his services to the Mexican President.

Suddenly a heavy tread responded without the tent, the sentinel challenged, there was a response, and three of Maximilian's officers entered, one of whom was an American, another a Frenchman, the third a Mexican.

"Gentleman," said the American, "I am sorry to disturb you, but news has come to-night that Benito Juarez has executed a captain of our army, and I have orders to select one of you and march you forth to die in retaliation."

"You cannot mean that one of us must die for an offence against Maximilian by Juarez?" said Capoul and Monteith rising.

"Such are my orders; but I know not which of you to select."

"Let the gentlemen play a game for the chance—the loser to die," suggested the young Frenchman.

"A good idea, monsieur. Gentleman, I observe you were playing a game of draughts when we entered, so set to work and play three games—the one who wins two of them to escape, the other to die."

"When is this execution to be?" asked Garnet.

"Within the hour."

"Very well; Capoul, I am ready for the game of life and death."

"I, too, am ready," said Monteith, and the two friends sat down.

Ten minutes passed—twenty, and the game was won by Capoul.

The second game, too, was won by him.

"Great heaven! Garnet, old fellow, I feel for you from my heart," cried the winner, the tears starting to his eyes.

Garnet pressed his friend's hand, as he said, quietly—

"I was ever a poor, unlucky dog, Capoul, but, my friend, when I am dead look in my saddle roll, hanging there, and the papers you find please deliver to the proper address, and—and—Capoul, say to—to Miss Mabel I left a farewell for her. Gentlemen, I am ready."

Half distracted with grief, Capoul Monteith paced his tent, his thoughts whirling, and his brain on fire.

An hour passed, and the American officer stood before him.

"Well?" said Capoul.

"He is dead."

"Heaven have mercy upon him!" groaned the sorrowing friend.

"Yes, Captain Monteith, he is dead, and though I have seen many men die, I never saw one face death with such perfect calm indifference as did your friend.

"He gave the order to the platoon to fire, and fell instantly; but ere he died, he wrote this note to you," and the American imperialist handed a slip of paper to Capoul, and, turning, left the tent.

In Garnet's bold hand was written—

"CAPOUL.—I could have won those two games, but I gave my life away to save you, for I loved Mabel too dearly ever to let her brother die where I could be sacrificed instead.

"I dare tell you this now, for I stand on the brink of my open grave. Farewell!

GARNET."

Three year passed, and one pleasant evening, a horseman was riding slowly along a highway traversing a fertile English valley.

Three years had added more dignity to the face, and perhaps saddened it; but otherwise no change had come over Capoul Monteith's fine features.

Upon his right hand, setting back from the road, was a pretty farmhouse, surrounded by fertile fields, and the sight promising well for a night's "lodging for man beast," Capoul turned in at the white gateway, rode up to the front door, and dismounted.

The owner of the house descended the steps to greet him, and Capoul Monteith stood face to face with Garnet Weston!

"Great heavens! has the grave given up its dead?" cried Capoul, in dismay.

"No, old fellow, you find me flesh and blood, ready and willing to give you a hearty welcome to this my home, left me by an old bachelor uncle a few months since. But come in; I will tell you all."

Around a well spread tea table that evening he heard how Garnet had been carried forth to be most bunglingly executed; how a squadron of Juarez's cavalry had appeared and frightened off his executioners, ere the first platoon had retired, and how a watchful ranchero had seized him and borne him to his ranch, where, after months of suffering, he recovered.

"But, old fellow, why did you not write to me?" asked Capoul.

"I did write to my old law partner, and he said you had moved away, none knew whither."

"True; poor Mabel failed in health, and I took her to the Continent, for we soon returned. Mabel is contented, if not happy."

"She married"——

"She married? Fiddlesticks! No, she never had any idea of marrying any man excepting yourself, and you went off to Mexico and nearly broke her heart."

PAPER.—A new process has just been introduced in making a paper which will at least be difficult to imitate successfully. Ink is applied to a lithographic stone, and another similar stone is placed on its face and rubbed together until the ink is so distributed that a variegated design is produced. When the ink is dry, the design is transferred to paper after the usual manner in lithographic printing. Of course any color may be selected for the ink. It is manifest, also, that the design thus cheaply produced can be varied indefinitely until a pleasing or effective one is obtained. A counterfeit is detected at once when compared with a sample of the genuine paper.

COOKING VESSELS IN PARIS.—Every dish used in a public restaurant of Paris, either in the kitchen or for the table: every pot, pan and utensil in the bakeries, and every beer faucet in the wineshop—in short, everything used in preparing or serving foods, is under the care of an inspector. The law forbids the use of lead, zinc and galvanized iron in the manufacture of cooking vessels. It orders that all copper vessels be tinned and kept in good condition. It directs that pottery which is covered with a glaze containing enough oxide of lead to yield to a feeble acid be seized. It orders that tin cans must never be soldered on the inside, and that the materials used in their manufacture be conformed to a certain standard. It is the inspector's business to look after all these things, and to see that everything required by the law is carried out.

"TICKETS."—It was a hot day, and the pastor of a church, looking over his congregation when about half through his sermon, noted many nodding heads.

"I wonder how many of you, brethren," he observed, in the somewhat monotonous tone in which he had been preaching for nearly an hour, "would be ready if the Angel of Death should make his appearance at this moment and call out in a loud voice: 'Tickets.'"

Forty seven commuters in various parts of the house awoke with a jerk, felt hastily in their vest pockets for something, looked confusedly about them for a moment, and became instantly attentive and devout.

SHE: "I could not have found a bigger donkey than you for a husband." He: "That's so, my dear. If it hadn't been for me you would be single yet. I was the biggest donkey in the world to marry you."

"AND you proposed to her twice before she accepted you?" "Yes." "It's strange that she changed her mind." "Not at all. When she refused me the first time it made me feel so cheap that she couldn't resist the chance of a bargain."

Dobbins' Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other Soap would be, if given to you; for by its use CLOTHES ARE SAVED. Clothes cost more than soap. This soap cost in 1869 twenty cents a bar. Now it costs nine. It contains precisely the same ingredients, and no others, now as then, and costs less than half. Buy it of your grocer, use it and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he knows that he can buy it of his wholesale grocer. The genuine always has our name on the wrapper. Look out for imitations. There are many of them.

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Humorous.

THE HONEY.

Thus mused the busy little bee,
As sweet he sipped the flower
"I gather honey, don't you see,
To eat in wintry hour."
And when he filled each little cell
And made a honey comb,
The farmer said: "'Tis well,"
And took the honey home.
—U. N. Some.

A point well taken—Vaccine.

Casts reflections—The mirror.

Raises the dough—The baker.

Slight of hand—Refusing an offer of marriage.

A lantern jaw does not always give light to the countenance.

It is seldom that a good bank teller will tell anything about his bank.

What is that which no one wishes to have and no one wishes to lose?—A bald head.

It is not true that gout runs in a family. No one ever saw gout make a decent attempt at walking even.

Why may the inhabitants of the Polar regions be supposed to be fashionable people? Because they move in the highest circle.

Little Gertie, after waiting some time for dessert: "Uncle, don't you have anything after dinner?" "Yes, dear, the dyspepsia."

In a case of breakage the human fingers are among the most reliable things known, because they are always on hand with nails.

Observing shark: "There goes a man overboard." Philanthropic shark: "Poor fellow! We'll have to eat him, or he'll drown."

Tommy: "Pa, if the lion is the king of beasts what is the rhinoceros?" Mr. Figg: "The politicians, of course. His hide is two inches thick."

It is hard to say which is more crushed—the young wife's new bonnet, or the miserable brute of a husband who unconsciously sits down on it.

"Politeness," says a modern Socrates, "is awful tender all the world over; it will win nine times out of ten on mankind, and is a good risk to take even upon the mule."

"Has Bilkens's sight been completely restored?" "The doctor thought so until he presented his bill, when he couldn't make Bilkens see that it was worth $200."

An ill-natured man being seen to blush, it was asked what the cause was. "Oh," said a witty lady, "the cross old creature happened to smile, and he feels ashamed of it."

Caller: "You must be terribly bored by office seekers these days." The mayor: "The real bores are the fellows who drop in to assure that they don't want anything."

The class in natural history being asked the difference between a dog and a tree, the head boy answered: "A tree is covered with bark, while a dog seems to be lined with it."

Would-be governess: "I have called in answer to your advertisement, Mr. Spieler." Spieler: "Ach! You know Chermun?" "I can't speak it very well, sir, but I've danced it often."

"Jones, why don't you go to work and earn a living?" "My dear Smith, what's the use? I tried it once for a very little while and no sooner did I earn a dollar than I had to spend it. So I gave it up."

Father: "Now, Tom, you are very lazy. You should take advantage of your opportunities." Son, with dignity: "I hope, father, that I am too much of a gentleman to take advantage of anything."

"Any parlor matches, lady?" he inquired, as he offered a bundle of his wares. "Not yet," answered the mother of four daughters, "but we hope to make some before spring," and she closed the door on the astonished match vender.

O'Money: "I'm a lucky devil. A thief got into my room last night and robbed me." Robbs: "I can't see that that's lucky." O'Money: "But don't you see, he didn't get anything but unreceipted bills, and so he got himself into debt. See?"

Office boy: "There's a lady to see you." Buzby: "A lady? What does she look like?" "She's short and stout, and has a mole on her cheek." "Oh, that's not a lady. That's my wife."

Three tailors established themselves in the same street in Liverpool. The first wrote on his sign:

"The best tailor in this town."

The second adopted as his motto:

"The best tailor in the world."

But the third, who was the smartest of the lot, got away with them all, by putting on his sign:

"The best tailor in this street."

"Remember, boys," said the teacher, "that in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail."

After a few moments a boy raised his hand. "Well, what is it, Socrates?" asked the teacher.

"I was merely going to suggest," replied the youngster, "that if such is the case it would be advisable to write to the publishers of that lexicon and call their attention to the omission."

SPARING HIS FEELINGS.—A woman who spoke of Go-eth's "Faust" was highly indignant when the man with whom she was talking spoke immediately afterwards of Goethe. It was very impolite, she thought, to correct a lady in that fashion. She would have enjoyed a conversation with the man of whom the following story is told.

He was staying at a London hotel, and went to a clerk in the office for a sheet of paper, saying that he wished to write a letter. Half-an-hour later, he again entered the office. He had finished the letter. Would the clerk please read it, and see if it was all correct?

The clerk glanced at it, and said—

"I see you spell jug 'g-u-g.' That isn't right."

"I know it," was the reply; "but, you see, I'm writing to the old man, and he always spells it that way. If I put the other 'g' to it, he would think I was putting on airs. He's a bit tender-hearted, and I don't want to hurt his feelings."

And so the letter went off with only one "g" at the end of "gug."

DUST OF THE SEA.—While voyaging from Australia to New Zealand some weeks ago one of the passengers, a lady, complained that the dust of the sea caused her eyes to smart, and had also soiled her clothing. She was laughed at by the older passengers, who positively assured her that there could be no dust at sea. "They were mistaken," says Mr. Ballou, who tells the incident in a book of travel. "There is a salt dust which rises from the spray and impregnates everything, even filling one's mouth with a saline taste. While the sun shines, deposit, like the dew on land, is less active and perceptible; but to walk the deck at night is to become covered with a thin coating of salt dust, so fine as to be hardly noticeable, but which in time becomes sufficiently crystallized to be obvious to the eye. The dust of the sea is no fable."

LITTLE THINGS OF THE PAST.—When not surrounded by the hurry of society, we reflect upon the real effect of these little things, and find their influence is potent. The one flower, which the poor child may have gazed upon in his infancy, is remembered by him through all the stormy years of his after existence. He sees it in the little grass patch as it then grew, and he knows that its picture has lived in his mind, amidst all the engrossing cares of a lifetime of labor. It is with a sigh that the man turns in thought to the time of his childhood, perhaps over estimating the delight that he felt as a child, looking at the flowers.

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Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

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4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.50, 11.25 a m, (12.27, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.25, (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.50 a m, 12.35, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 4.30, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.05, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m. daily does not connect for Easton.)

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For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.06 a m, 1.40, 4.42, 5.22, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 8.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.42, 5.22, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin Express, week-days, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 9.00 a m., 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

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